

February 17, 1965

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Australian

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## WORTH REPORTING

**STIRLING MACO-**  
**BOY**, who wrote  
this week's lift-out book-  
let on Bonsai (the  
Japanese art of training  
trees in miniature) has  
125 potted Bonsai plants,  
including roses, camellias,  
and azaleas, in his own  
large garden at Neutral  
Bay, in Sydney.

Melbourne-born Mr.  
Macoboy's interest in  
gardening was "more or less  
inherited"; his grandfather  
and mother were both keen  
gardeners.

He developed an interest  
in photography, and after  
training for intelligence work  
during World War II he re-  
turned to civilian life as a  
radio scriptwriter and pro-  
ducer.

Now he is a television  
producer with a leading  
Sydney advertising agency,  
and at the same time has  
come to be recognised as a  
leading Bonsai authority.

Mr. Macoboy says he has  
little time for his own  
garden. Although it is large  
and full of every imaginable  
kind of shrub and plant,  
from English bluebells to the  
rare Tahitian lime and the  
quince-like fruit called a  
medlar, he claims to be a  
lazy gardener.

"There just isn't time in a  
busy life," he said, "to beat  
onion-weed and oxalis."

"But I suppose they have  
a pretty tough fight to find  
room for a spot for their  
roots in my garden, as there  
are so many plants."

### With verve and elegance

OUR recent "thriller for  
children," "Chitty-Chitty-  
Bang-Bang," wasn't entirely  
the figment of author Ian  
Fleming's imagination we  
had thought it to be.

(This book, about the  
magic racing-car rescued

### OUR COVER

Men of the Royal Navy draw the gun-carriage  
bearing Sir Winston Churchill's flag-covered coffin  
along Fleet Street, in the heart of London. On the  
cushion: his insignia as Knight of the Garter. Other  
color pictures of the funeral are on pages 3, 8, 9.



MR. MACOBOY

from the scrapheap by Com-  
mander Caractacus Pott,  
R.N., ret., was Fleming's  
last offer to publishers Jona-  
than Cape shortly before his  
death last August.)

At the end of World War  
I a Polish peer living in Eng-  
land managed to salvage an  
engine from a wrecked Ger-  
man zeppelin.

His name was Count Zab-  
rowski, and being a racing-  
car enthusiast he built a  
long, low-slung car to go  
with the precious engine.

So began the career of  
the original Chitty.

One of our readers, Mr.  
J. Carter, of Eastwood,  
N.S.W., remembers her from  
his boyhood in Kent:

"My father was a cabinet-  
maker and often made pieces  
for the elegant home of  
Count and Countess Zab-  
rowski," he told us. "The  
count was quite an identity  
in the district — colorful,  
flamboyant."

"He seemed to spend all  
his time racing and pamper-  
ing his numerous fast cars."

"But Chitty was his favori-  
te. They must have made  
a great pair as they raced  
their way around Europe,  
setting motoring records."

Count Zabrowski died as  
he had lived.

In 1924 he raced Chitty  
and was killed in the Italian  
Grand Prix.

Ian Fleming himself loved  
racing-cars, and we can't help  
wondering if he, like Com-  
mander Pott, found her in a  
scrapyard 20 years later.

### Children in the bush

"I DON'T believe that  
children today are  
'sophisticated' and too spoilt  
by television and other  
modern inventions to enjoy  
the more simple pleasures,"  
says Mrs. Ethel Fielding.

Her observations of chil-  
dren have provided the basis  
for a book, "Adventure on  
Parrot Island," which she  
wrote for the under-ten age  
group under the name Biron  
Fielding.

She and her husband lived  
for many years on Coochie-  
mudlo Island in Moreton  
Bay, Queensland, and there  
she watched children playing  
in natural surroundings and  
delighting in the animals and  
birds found in the bushland.

"There were flocks of  
parrots on the island, which  
gave me an idea for the  
story—otherwise it is quite  
fictitious," she said.

The couple now live at  
Victoria Point, on the main-  
land.

"Adventure on Parrot  
Island" (Ward, Lock and  
Co., 16/-) is Mrs. Fielding's  
first publication.

It is illustrated by one of  
her two daughters, Rosemary,  
who is married and nurses  
at a Brisbane hospital.

This book is only half the  
story. A sequel will be pub-  
lished later in the year.





## ON THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S

LADY CHURCHILL, with son Randolph, her two daughters, and other close relations, follows her husband's coffin into St. Paul's Cathedral for the funeral service. At right: A wider view of the scene, one of the most impressive and moving in English history. Other pictures: pages 8, 9.

ON FEBRUARY 28, which has been named Churchill Memorial Sunday, Australians will be asked in a nationwide drive to give £1,000,000 to establish a memorial trust in Sir Winston's memory. The trust will award scholarships to Australians whose contributions to their calling and community would be increased by travel and study abroad.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 17, 1965

Page 3



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OF NEW SOUTH WALES



# The WIGLET:

● In a more-often-than-not hatless world the wiglet, that cool, comfortable, and clever little hank of hair that is so fashionable, is the answer to all kinds of hair-grooming needs and fancies.

**B**Y day a wiglet can be completely casual, intermingled with your own hair, giving body and fullness to casual shapes. It's a pretty way to disguise bangs that are growing out or side hair that is too short for smooth hairdos.

At night the same wiglet is utterly elegant. It's brushed and coaxed into swirls and curls, perched above the crown, festively held with a colorful band. Other hair — your own — smooths down underneath and need not be at all long to give this impression of luxuriant locks.

For skimpy hair, hair that's so fine it collapses the day after a shampoo

and set, hair that sags in damp and humid weather, the advent of a ready-made, no-work-at-all hairpiece in the form of a simply styled wiglet is a real boost.

There are a dozen-and-one ways to make the most of a wiglet. Look left and below and you see three fresh and very fetching suggestions. Look right and you see the new Turbanaire wig, the most up-to-date hairpiece of them all and a clear-cut change in fashion wig styling.

The Turbanaire, a softly styled wiglet clipped on to its own turban, is probably the year's most practical hair fashion accessory because it is an instant hairdo.

**STRIKING** effect of a silver-streaked wiglet banded on top of matching wig. Streaks and frosting are a new-again trend in hair fashion.

**RIGHT:** Soft and romantic wiglet treatment in which the hairpiece falls prettily from crown.

**HIGH-FASHION** look of hair smoothed back to show a shapely ear with wiglet poised on the back of the head in a rounded chignon. (Hairpieces by A. & W. Brown, Sydney.)



## Ways to make the most of it

Combining the cover-up effect of a full wig with the flexibility of a wiglet, the Turbanaire comes in a range of hair and turban shades which are interchangeable. If you wish you can remove the turban and make the most of the topknot by wearing it as added hair.

The Turbanaire wig and all three wiglets are made of real European hair, which comes in a wide range of colors from light to dark. Synthetic fibre hairpieces cost less, are not as effective.

Handling a wiglet isn't difficult unless, of course, you're hopeless with your own hair.

Unusual feature of the hairpieces shown is the openwork base, which enables the wearer's own hair to be drawn through the open areas and blended with the pin-on hair. The base is secured with big hairpins.

Step-by-step directions for putting on the new wiglet are given in the pictures at the foot of this page. For clarity and contrast, a blond wiglet is shown on a dark-haired girl.

Wiglet upkeep involves some dos and don'ts.

Wiglets, whether real hair or synthetic fibre, worn two or three times a week, need to be cleaned about every couple of months by a hairdresser.

You can't clean any hairpiece with water, soap, or shampoo; special hair-cleaning fluid must be used. But you can brush and comb real hairpieces with a large-toothed comb. Occasional applications of wig lustre will restore shine to your wig.

Never use hairspray containing lacquer on a wig or wiglet; use lanolin-type hairdressing. A wig block and brush prolong the life of hairpieces.

**NEWSY** Turbanaire, dressed at right with domed crown and curtain bangs, might well be an accessory to turn out a prettier-than-ever head.



**OPENWORK** base of the new wiglet showing the open areas through which hair strands are drawn and secured.



**BASIC** hair preparation calls for several strands of real hair to be back-combed or teased for the pull through.



**WIGLET** is placed in position on the head with four large hairpins on top area. Slant hairpins forward, then back.



**WITH** tailcomb, teased strands of real hair are pulled through the openwork mesh, then blended with other hair.





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***When you're on a good thing ... stick to it!*** 



# Mother is in a music group

## Housework has to play second fiddle

● Sydney's newest "group" would probably surprise today's long-haired, guitar-strumming teenagers — for its members are middle-aged parents who have jam sessions round the melodious organ.

THE "group" numbers only about 65 at the moment, but according to the president, Mr. Ken Begley, an advertising executive, it has discovered how to "stay with it," and membership is growing weekly.

Since Mr. Begley first got the idea of an electric organ society a few months back ("they are very big in the U.S. where organ-playing is quite a family pastime"), its members have been meeting regularly.

They think nothing of driving to Sydney from Lithgow (100 miles) or Wollongong (50 miles) for the four- or five-hour music sessions.

Mr. Begley said there is already £1 million worth of electric organs in Australia, not counting the chord or pipe organs.

"It's quite remarkable, the variety of people going in for this sort of music," he said.

At the club's first dinner dance the orchestra was formed by an organ, saxophone, and drums, and "the effect was terrific."

Both Mr. Begley and his wife (who met at a dance years ago when he was playing the guitar) have had a life-long interest in music.

Their interest in organs, however, began only 18 months ago when Mr. Beg-

ley took his wife shopping for a simple chord organ which was selling for about £70.

When they heard the sound of the small electric organ they couldn't resist it, even though it was a lot dearer (£630 dearer, in fact).

So great was the whole family's fascination for the spinet organ that only five months later, for his wife's 25th wedding anniversary present, Mr. Begley traded it in for the larger and more expensive model, at a cost of about £2000.

The organ (it now stands in the sitting-room of their large waterfront home in Drummoine, N.S.W.) has brought a new interest and inspiration to Mrs. Begley.

By ANNE OLSEN

"I used to be very housework proud, but after the organ came I realised life was too short to take things too seriously. Now I'm enjoying myself a little," she said.

"A little" to Mrs. Begley often means sitting down at the organ at 8.30 a.m. just for a spell and getting up from the mahogany stool at 2 p.m.)

"My strict daily routine has gone now," she admitted.

"Once I would turn down outside invitations because I had planned to wash that day

perhaps, but now I know I'll do it tomorrow.

"Now the garden has as many weeds as flowers; and the beds are often not made until mid-morning, but who cares!"

She went on to explain: "It's quite strange really — but music casts a kind of spell over me."

"When I first got the organ I used to be awake at night and worry that I wouldn't ever conquer the variety of sounds."

"But after about three months of constant practice, I suddenly stopped worrying, and the music came easily to me."

Their son, Bruce, 25, and daughter, Carol, 23, often join in the music, and the Begleys say that they have never had so many parties or enjoyable family evenings in their lives.

"It has something to offer people who have only ordinary ability on the piano. Take the same pianist on an organ, and he sounds an artist," Mr. Begley said.

"In fact every one in this household, enjoys the organ so much that sometimes you have to almost queue up if you want to have a play."

Another Sydney family who love organ music is that of Mr. and Mrs. Stanford Baldwin, of Castle Hill.

Seven years ago, Mr. Baldwin, an engineer, heard that an old theatre organ, an English Christie, was up for



MR. AND MRS. KEN BEGLEY and their £2000 organ.

sale in a theatre in Parramatta.

"I got it for £600, which was almost like giving it away," said Mr. Baldwin.

"During the depression years that organ would have cost at least £15,000 to install in the theatre."

With the help of his two sons, Malcolm, 19, and Graham, 11, Mr. Baldwin spent weeks labelling and marking three miles of wire,

and identifying pipes, before dismantling the organ completely.

Now it is reassembled in the living-room, where it takes up more than a quarter of the space, and keeps company with a piano, violin, and guitar.

The rows and rows of pipes are constructed under the entire house — in the basement.

While the maintenance and tuning on this organ are much more involved than the electric organ, Mr. Baldwin never considers it a chore.

"It takes me away from my other engineering problems," he said.

Mrs. Baldwin plays it "quite frequently, now that the children are off my hands," and is learning to play Bach and Chopin with a teacher.

(Mr. Baldwin's brother, Franklin, is also an organ enthusiast. He bought his Wurlitzer pipe organ from a demolished film theatre in 1957.)

One of the reasons for the organ's increased popularity, according to Mr. Begley, is that the mass-produced electric organ is easier to maintain, install, and keep in tune than the old types.

The qualities and varieties of any organ enable a person to play one passage in so

many different ways, he said, that a single musician can sound like a whole orchestra.

"You never get bored with the sound—why, with one simple movement, you can have the sound of bells ringing, guitar sounds, slow music, church music, strings, or even the sounds of the xylophone."

There are many more sales nowadays to private homes than clubs or churches, added Mr. Begley, who foresees the day when the organ will be an accepted item in many homes.

## Boom

"I read recently of the organ boom in Japan and of the hundreds of clubs in America," he said.

"In one factory alone, in Japan, they made 430,000 organs in one year."

"The Japanese have even begun group-playing — that is, playing five or six organs simultaneously."

But the Begleys haven't reached that point yet. They are still content to have "an evening with friends, a few beers on the balcony, and a good old-fashioned sing-song" around the one organ.

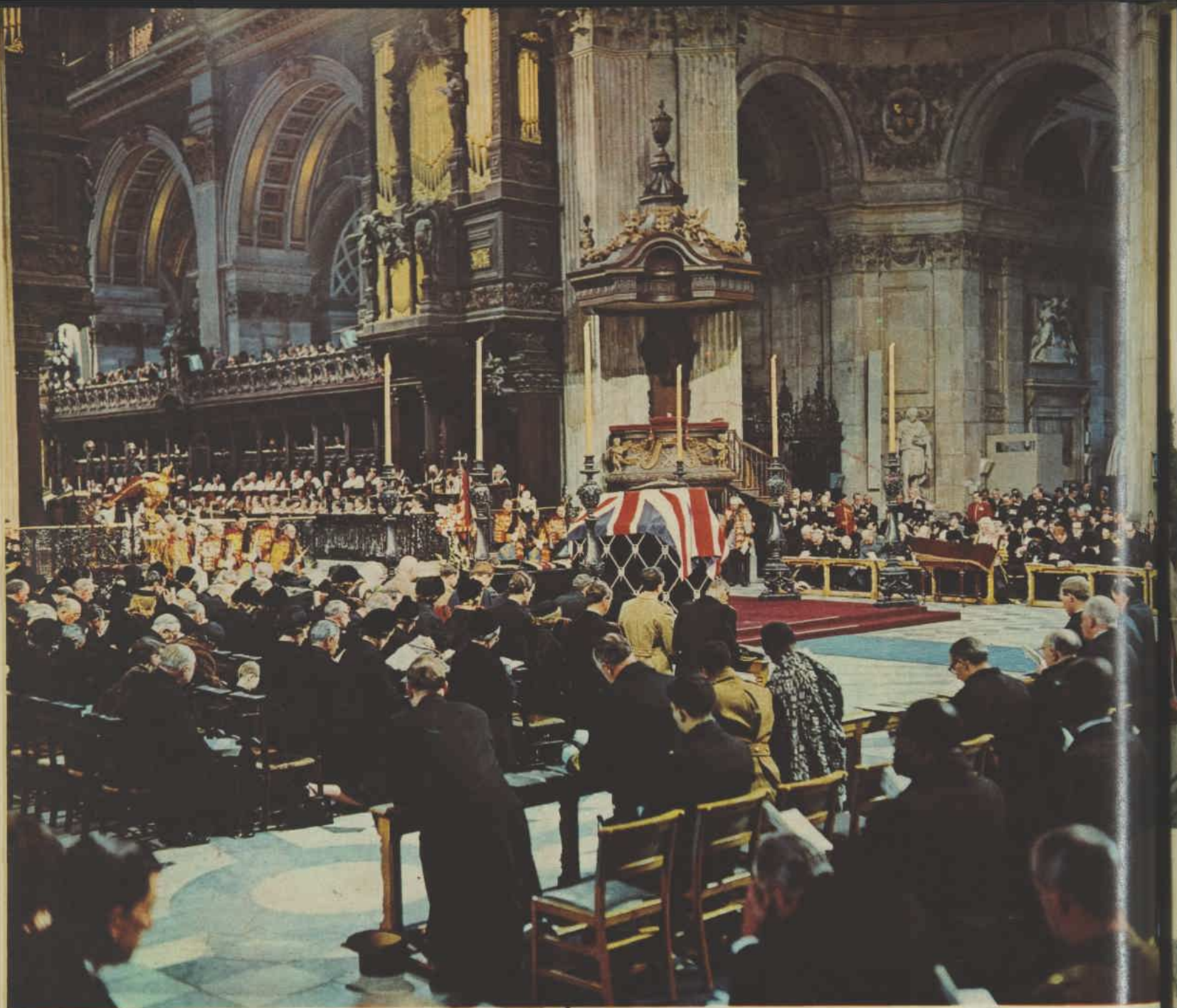
And the neighbors? "No, we don't have any problem with them at all," Mr. Begley said.

"The lady on our right side is a little hard of hearing and the family on the other side join in most of our meetings. They love music just as much as we do."



MR. AND MRS. STANFORD BALDWIN and their Christie organ.





**SOLEMN SPLENDOR** as the congregation kneels in prayer at Sir Winston's funeral in St. Paul's Cathedral. The coffin was covered with the Union Jack and a blue cushion bearing the insignia of the Order of the Garter.

## STATE FUNERAL

**THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY** stands to one side as the Queen and Prince Philip enter St. Paul's, followed by the Queen Mother and Prince Charles, then Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon, and others of the Royal family.



# A HERO'S LAST RESTING PLACE

## In Bladon churchyard



THOUSANDS of people made the pilgrimage to Bladon, in Oxfordshire, to visit Sir Winston's grave. Special police on duty in the churchyard watched as men, women, and children paused to read the inscriptions on the floral tributes which covered the grave. Right: Queues formed at the churchyard beside Blenheim Palace, Sir Winston's birthplace.



MASSSES OF EARLY SPRING FLOWERS, from small posies to huge wreaths, covered the burial plot. Sir Winston was buried near the graves of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, and American mother. Right: A wreath of crimson carnations bore the inscription: "To a great statesman, Sir Winston Churchill — President Josip Broz Tito."





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HE-48

# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By  
Mollie Lyons

**A SPECIAL feast for art lovers will be the U-Ball Committee's first party for 1965 on February 15. It's a black-tie, champagne, and caviare gala preview of works by the late Godfrey Miller, by special permission of the executors of his estate.**

A keepsake of the evening (at the newly opened Darlinghurst Galleries in Crown Street) will be a souvenir catalogue featuring a color plate of the dust jacket of his book to be published later this year.

Proceeds from the night will go to the appeal to establish a cultural centre — University House — at the University of N.S.W.

LOOKING forward to a reunion in London with their son, Lieutenant David Harries, are Rear-Admiral and Mrs. David Harries, who leave on February 25 in the Tahitian for an eight-month trip around the world. They'll travel via Noumea, Tahiti, the New Hebrides, and through the Panama Canal before disembarking at Marseilles to go overland to England. While they are abroad Mrs. John Lodge, of Canberra, will move into their house.

CAROLINE ADAMS, who is at present holidaying in South Australia, at "Padthaway," the Naracoorte property of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Lawson, plans to visit friends in Adelaide before flying back to Sydney.

IT'S sure to be a busy four days in Sydney for Melbourne girl Fleur Mein and her fiancé, Englishman David Gibbs, who arrives by air on March 1 for their wedding at the tiny Holy Trinity Church, Coleraine, on March 20. They'll be toasted at a formal dinner party which Mr. and Mrs. John Minter will give for them on March 4 at their home at Rose Bay. Fleur, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Datzell Mein, of "Toolang," Coleraine, will have Sydney girls Liza Eaton and Sally Spurgeon to attend her. She and David, who is the son of the Hon. Sir Geoffrey Gibbs and Lady Gibbs, of "The Manor House," Clifton Hampden, Oxfordshire, England, will make their home in a flat at Knightsbridge.

THERE'S such an exciting reason behind Liane Keen's six-week trip home to England at Easter. Her first book, "I've Nothing to Wear," is due to be published in April, and she has timed her visit to stay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Robson, at Lyme Regis, in Dorset, to coincide with this. The book, which tells what to wear on any occasion in any part of the world, and has a series of "wardrobe menus" at the back, is due for release in Australia in June. By the way, Liane has just moved into the delightful cottage at Bayview which she built right on the side of a hill, sheltering under a gigantic boulder. The picture window is framed outside by a marvellous white gum, and the fireplace (which has a copper hood) and foundations are made of wonderful old convict bricks.

I BELIEVE the lovely homestead at "Headingley," Scone, will be the setting for a reception for 230 guests following the marriage of Margaret Henderson and Bruce MacPherson at St. Luke's Church, Scone, on February 27. Margaret's two sisters, Susan and Elizabeth, and Jean MacPherson, Bruce's sister, will attend her. When Margaret and Bruce return from their honeymoon, they will live on Bruce's property at Baerams Creek, near Muswellbrook.

FIRST trip to Australia for American Mrs. Loula Stratford, who arrives in May aboard Mariposa, for an indefinite stay with Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Walkley. The Walkleys, who have often stayed with Mrs. Stratford in Hollywood, are looking forward to showing her as much as possible of Australia.

DATE for your diary... the gala preview of "The Yellow Rolls Royce," on March 17, at the St. James Theatre, arranged by the Cornucopia Committee for the Children's Medical Research Foundation.

THE Federal Treasurer, Mr. Harold Holt, will fly up from Melbourne on February 10 to open Stuart Devlin's exhibition of sculpture at Terry Clune's Galleries. Although this is Stuart's first exhibition in Australia (he's quite famous as the designer of our decimal coins), some of his silverware was shown here in 1960 in the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths' exhibition. The present exhibition is of sea forms in various metals, as copper and bronze.

BY far the smartest woman at that elegant hat parade last week was Mrs. Bruce Macfarlan, whose striking Schiaparelli-pink mushroom-shaped fine straw hat swathed in matching organza stole the show. With it she wore a slim Thai silk dress in the same color, which had a swathed Empire-line bodice and a square neckline.

I HEAR that bride-to-be Mary Saap is having a busy time flying back and forth between Sydney and Melbourne, where she is house-hunting. Mary will be attended by Mary Tancred, Rhonda Clarke, Sue-Anne Hartigan, and page-boy Russell Aboud, when she weds Tony Joyce, of Toorak, at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay, on March 2.



ABOVE: Mrs. Dewey Stallard, Mrs. Edward Koller, and Mrs. Hal Kosanke at the American Women's Club luncheon at the Wentworth Hotel. The president, Mrs. William Homer, welcomed guests as they arrived.



At LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sedgewick after their marriage at St. Stephen's Church, with their attendants (left to right) Miss Alexandra Thomas, Miss Barbara Sanders, Miss Elizabeth Bull, and Miss Jan Matheson. The bride was Miss Margaret Bull, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Bull, of "Yarramundi," Narrandera. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Sedgewick, of Tumut.





AT A SHIPBOARD PARTY. Captain and Mrs. Bruce Loxton (at left), the Flag Officer Commanding the Australian Fleet, Rear-Admiral T. K. Morrison, and Mrs. Morrison were among 80 guests at a party held aboard the anti-submarine frigate H.M.A.S. Parramatta during the week of Manly's "Festival of the Pines."



JUST WED. Australian swimmer Dawn Fraser arriving with her husband, Mr. Gary Ware, at the reception at Balmain Town Hall following their marriage at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, Sydney. They are honeymooning in Tahiti.



MIDSHIPMEN Nicholas Hornsby (left) and John Lutze showed guests Miss Gail Leggett (left) and Miss Lee Tuckin over the decks of the Parramatta during the party. The Mayor of Manly, Alderman W. R. Nicholas, and Mrs. Nicholas, wives of officers, and aldermen and their wives were among guests invited aboard.



AT RIGHT: Miss Elizabeth Edmonds and Mr. Andrew Smith, of "Yattendon," Coolah, who have announced their engagement. Miss Edmonds is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Edmonds, of Cremorne.



CAPTAIN of the Parramatta, Commander R. H. Perry (left), and Mrs. Perry (right) chatted with Captain and Mrs. R. C. Savage during the evening. The ship, which was floodlit and moored offshore for the festival, was hung with flags for the party.



FOURSOME at the party in H.M.A.S. Parramatta were the Minister for the Navy, Mr. F. C. Chaney, and Mrs. Chaney (centre), and Flag Officer in Charge East Australia Area, Rear-Admiral O. H. Becher, and Mrs. Becher.



# INVESTMENT GUIDE

**THIS WEEK:**  
*Three transport companies*

By **MARY BROKER**

● The market still takes a cautious tone in the face of a varying selection of early interim reports and announcements of expansionary moves by companies in a wide range of industry. One thing I have noticed in particular is the consistently good standard of

reports coming from the leading companies in the transport industry. This is heartening not only for those who are interested in these particular stocks but also for those who watch the state of the economy in general, for it does indicate a healthy atmosphere.

ONE of the leaders in the industry is **MAYNE NICKLESS LTD.**, whose shares are very well regarded.

Mayne Nickless has just announced a link-up with four New Zealand companies which together operate a fleet of 300 vehicles.

It has become a very expansion-minded company over the past four or five years and has taken over a number of other businesses, both large and small.

Perhaps the biggest was Antill Ranger (Holdings) Ltd., which it acquired in January, 1962, after a much-publicised takeover battle.

Last year it acquired

Metropolitan Industries Ltd., a very large carrying and cold-store operation, whose activities spread throughout Victoria and Tasmania.

Main point of interest for the stock market in the year 1964 was the 20 per cent. holding taken in the company by the P & O Company of Australia Pty. Ltd.

Mayne Nickless had for some years operated as official baggage agents for the P & O group, and the acquisition of such a substantial shareholding provided Mayne Nickless with an important backer.

A further sign of satisfaction with the company's services was the winning of a contract from the Reserve

Bank of Australia to transport cash between the Sydney headquarters of the Reserve Bank and branches of banks in the Metropolitan Area. This was one of the largest contracts ever won by the company's armored-car division.

Profits show a steadily upward trend, having risen from £192,000 in 1959/60, to £404,000 in 1963/64. Earning rate has been constantly over 20 per cent. — last year 24.1 per cent. — and gives good cover to the 12½ per cent. dividend.

Shareholders have not been forgotten, either, during the huge expansion movement, and benefited in November, 1962, from a one-for-four new issue at 5/- premium, and from a one-for-four bonus.

The 10/- shares are now selling at about 35/6, one hundred costing £180, for a dividend of £6/5/- per year.

A company which has always fascinated me is **THOMAS NATIONWIDE TRANSPORT LTD.**, whose trucks, stamped with "TNT," you will have seen around the country.

The motto has always appealed to me, and I think it expresses the dynamo qualities of the chairman and managing director, Mr. K. W. Thomas, who founded the company in 1946.

## Profit-sharing

I was pleased to see that a profit-sharing scheme was introduced last year. This, I think, is a very good way of keeping employees happy and of giving them added incentive to work hard.

The company was listed only in January, 1962, and since then has become well known on the stock market for its earning ability.

In the past three years net profit has risen from £143,000 to £240,000, and earning rate from 17.8 to 20.7 per cent. The interim report recently was extremely optimistic, announcing a substantial rise in profit.

Like Mayne Nickless, TNT is also very expansion-minded at present, and to help finance expansion made a one-for-ten new issue in September last year.

The 5/- shares are at present selling for 15/6, so that 100 would cost you about £79. Dividend return at the rate of ten per cent. would be £2/10/- a year.

**BRAMBLES INDUSTRIES LTD.** has also recently announced a rise in profits, together with plans for a share issue.

Brambles began operations in the 1890s at Newcastle, where its activities are still centred.

It was for a long time a glamor stock, but fell from favor in 1961/62 after the acquisition of a number of

engineering concerns which, feeling the effects of the credit squeeze, had a reduced profit. These subsidiaries were therefore sold, although the company still has quite a substantial engineering division.

However, the company is now very prosperous, profit rising last year from £616,000 to £745,000 and earning rate from 27.2 to 31.1 per cent., providing good cover for the 20 per cent. dividend paid since 1957/58.

Shareholders had a two-for-five new issue in January, 1960, a one-for-four new issue in September of the same year, and a one-for-three bonus last October.

The 5/- shares are now selling at 18/9, one hundred costing approximately £96. Dividend return at the 15 per cent. rate now prevailing would be £3/15/- per year.

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• Anne Matheson, describing the new collections, says it's a question of

# GOODBYE to the narrow straight skirt

● The biggest fashion story in Paris is the end of the straight tight skirt.

There isn't a sedate, slim-fitting one to be seen in the new fashion parades.

Flares and godets, pleats — flat, compressed and sunray — swoop, spin, and kick their way

through the collections, beating the skimpy little straight skirt to the bottom of the wardrobe, where it could quietly expire.

No couturier's kiss-of-life looks like reviving the narrow, straight-cut line.

It remains to be seen how women react.

MARC BOHAN at Christian Dior, designing an inspired collection straight from the Arabian Nights, had the final say on swirling skirts.

His are "Dervish Dancers" and are so superb all others

look like limp, lifeless rags.

And what is to happen to all those chiffon and crepe flares when they've been to the cleaners is anybody's guess (but not one of Dior's worries).

At Dior, skirts are wide,

ballooning godets from a stem torso, or have flat wide pleats all round.

Even in a pleated-through shirt-waister the pleats are wide and flat and held at the waist with a belt.

Elsewhere in Paris skirts are

catherine-wheeling out in narrow streamer panels over slim underskirts, as at Lanvin, or swirling in low flares, or off in a dizzy whirl of crimped sunray pleating, as at Balmain.

Jacques Heim's skirts, pleated in gay prints and crepe,

are the shortest, but these short swinging skirts almost take second place to the pants of his jump suits, which look like very full flaring camiknickers — and not what is expected from this sedate house, which dresses Madame de Gaulle.

## But hullo! to the long-lost waist

● Waists, back where they belong and enviably small, have brought back narrow belts, and influenced jackets that are cropped to show the waist, and coats that are all semi-fitting.

CHRISTIAN DIOR'S suits have softly belted jackets over skirts with pleats, while Nina Ricci's superb silk suits suggest the waist and have a low half-belt at the back.

With the neat waists at Dior there are rounded bosoms and even sweetheart necklines.

There is a slight swaying and emphasis on the hips, and of course lots of leg — and at Heim, powder-pink stockings for them, matching a powder-pink outfit, and very sweet.

Since Paris has rediscovered the female form there are all sorts of clingy materials — airy wools, silk crepes, crinkly crepes — and clever bias cuts to glide smoothly over the figure.

With elegance the theme, there are enormous organdie ruffles and wide picture hats — worn to one side at Lanvin.

Ted Lapidus, of the Ye-Ye (Beatle) tradition in couture, produced frilled parasols to complete the picture

of an Edwardian with swooping high curls, a straw boater, frothing jabot, and long tight sleeves on a long curvy jacket.

Christian Dior's collection, which summed up the complete return to languid elegance, went all out for sweet femininity with a collection that was pure Turkish delight.

### Eastern look

Harem girls and Persian princesses, the Dervish dancers, and bejewelled caliphs were all conjured up in clothes that owed their inspiration to the Orient.

Dior gave his dresses wonderful Eastern names, but the clothes they inspired were pure 1965 and wearable down to the last rajah's turban.

As well, Dior's clothes, like Balmain's, Nina Ricci's, and Lanvin's, were young and beautiful looking, but YOU wouldn't have to be to wear them.

Since Elizabeth Taylor took to wearing a sari by Balenciaga, Dior seems to think we lesser lights might enjoy the comfort and elegance, too.

So his sari dresses were short, with a triangular see-through overdress sweeping back like a sari.

With this is a triangular scarf that goes around the head sari fashion, or half covers the face like a yashmak.

One is in dark navy mouseline, another in black sheer with a deep band of satin outlining the sari drape and the yashmak.

There is a feeling for short evening dresses running through the collections.

Dior suggests his for small dances.

They are sunray-pleated crepe with tight, high bodices and swirl away to the instep.

Both Balmain and Nina Ricci have one short petti-dress each, both of them being smothered in flowers and jewels.

But one short dress doesn't make a fashion summer and the long evening dress floated about in hundreds of yards of chiffon wafting away, with see-through coats.

Dior's was in rose-pink and called "Isphahan" and was made of airy tulle embroidered with jewelled roses

over a slender pink crepe dress — delicious.

For next summer the return of the bare midriff is heavily forecast.

Ricci nearly stopped the show with a beach top worn with a demure linen skirt.

But it was no more revealing than the bared midriffs of the 'thirties — only more surprising.

Everywhere in Paris is the feeling that the shirt-waister will be back again — with its tight waist and open neckline, it's nearly here.

But the fashion that has arrived to stand clearly out against the whirl and skirl is the coat over matching dress or the coat dress — not so skinny now, and with a shape that defines the figure.

### Gay greens

At Dior the exaggerated flaring is the Dervish Line. It swings around with the rest of the whirl.

Spots and stripes are popular, in all sizes, colors, and materials.

The most popular spot material is of course the classic foulard.

Colors are navy, then beige and pink, with a lot of bright green.

Never before has fashion been tied so closely with hair and make-up.

Curls and waves change a girl's appearance so much

that those fashion writers who got in quickly were scarcely recognisable across the salons.

Prettiest curly hairdo was at Real, the very young house which dresses young stars.

This house had a curly hairdo with a velvet bow.

### Tiny turbans

Elsewhere hats — round breton, flat sailor, coolie, and giant cartwheel — were worn, but surprisingly enough at Pierre Balmain light casual travel coats were worn by models without hats.

It was left to Christian Dior to shove all those curls and waves right out of sight.

He designed turbans so small and sweet (hiding every wisp of hair) they made you feel you never wanted to see the hairdresser again.

The small turbans here are worn with both suits and dresses and are contrasting or matching, and folded with a loose tie at the back; or they are a straight pinch from the calipha, but made in straw with a straw cockade.

Others are neat and Eastern to go with the rajah coat with its close buttoning front.

Buttons and bows are back almost as the only trim.

Buttons march in double-

breasted rows at Dior, while pearl boot-buttons with loops on shirt-waist blouses need a lady's maid to get any business woman off to work wearing one.

Trouser buttons, pearl buttons, half-ball buttons are all small, but there are plenty of them.

Bows go with the white collars and cuffs and very young look at Real, but there are also bows softly falling over clear necklines and, for a trim, bows loop up the ballooning ruffs that edge skirts and coats in the nostalgic look of "My Fair Lady" dresses.

● If only Princess Marina had been there the opening of Captain Molyneux's comeback collection in London would have been complete.

As it was, the clothes recalled so much of the 'thirties they might have been worn by Princess Marina and his other elegant clients.

Many of them were there and boasted they still owned some of the numbers he repeated.

Others sighed for the days when they wore them in the era of great Molyneux elegance before the war.

Molyneux is now 72.



# Elite

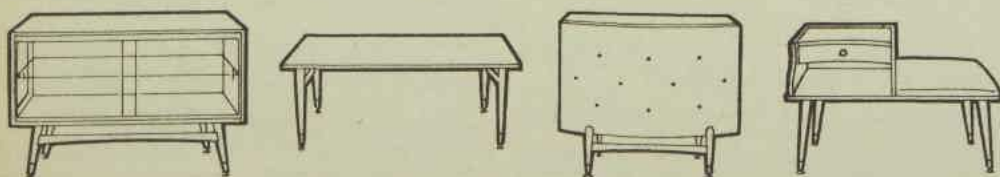
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 17, 1965





MIA FARROW as Alison Mackenzie.

# TV looks at... The secrets of Peyton Place

By PATRICIA KENT

## Television

● With "Peyton Place," the new "Lucy Show," and a return season of "The Fugitive," Channel 9 has given the tired old programmes of 1964-65 a welcome lift.

"PEYTON PLACE" (screened bi-weekly on Monday and Wednesday at 9 p.m.) is the highly publicised television adaptation of the late Grace Metalious' novel about sin and sex in a small American town.

So far there hasn't been much of either, except for a few furtive kisses between people who have no business doing so, and the certain knowledge that something is going to happen to 17-year-old Alison Mackenzie (played with gentle luminosity by Mia Farrow — present girlfriend, by the way, of Frank Sinatra).

So far the series has aimed at presenting the characters and hinting darkly of Things to Come.

Academy Award actress Dorothy Malone, who plays Alison's mother, Constance, has revealed a Dread Secret — she was not married to Alison's father, and Dr. Rossi (Ed Nelson), who nursed her through a difficult labor, has come to town to set up practice. She's terrified he'll recognise her and he's sure he has seen her somewhere, but can't remember where.

Then there's the town newspaperman, Matthew Swain (Warner Anderson), a secretary having an affair with her boss, two brothers (both of whom like Alison, who likes the bad brother better), and the daughter of the secretary (who also likes the bad brother).

### Cliff-hanging

To me, "Peyton Place" is a bit like one of those old radio serials transplanted to television. You almost expect the narrator to pop up at the end of each episode and chant, "Will Alison fall in love with Rodney, will Rodney see Betty again, will Betty find out about her mother and the boss, and will Alison learn her mother's Secret Dread?"

Remembering the success radio serials had here, I predict a similar public reaction to "Peyton Place." Viewers will have to watch to find out what happens.

I'm going to watch, if for

no other reason than that I'm positive Dorothy Malone's eyelashes are going to fall in her soup . . .

ON the other hand, "Lucy" (Monday, 8.30 p.m.) has my unqualified approval. She's the most consistently funny comedienne on television, and can make me chortle with delight at the lift of an eyebrow.

Last week's episode was an improbable story of Lucy at a country-club dance on roller skates. It's all been done before, of course, but

body. So he's hunting the man, and the police — one detective in particular, Lieut. Gerard (Barry Morse) — are hunting him.

Each episode is a complete little story in itself, and even though you know he's going to get away by the skin of his teeth, the tension and suspense build because you're made to feel very much on the side of Dr. Richard Kimble, the fugitive.

David Janssen, apart from ears which should have been got at with sticky tape early on, is a good-looking fellow

junior school play, and the script! Less said about that the better.

I have seen "Hugh and I" about six times and I honestly can't remember being even faintly amused once.

Furthermore, Channel 2 has slotted this nonsense against Channel 7's powerful "The Virginian" and Channel 9's promising new show "My Living Doll."

Beats me.

YOU won't believe it, but the other night on "Combat" (Channel 7, 7.30 p.m., Tuesday), Sergeant Saunders actually laughed. And that, I'll bet, is the first time in the history of the series.

### A friend of Mavis

IT'S just a thought, but how about Miss Judi Farr as a permanent member of "Mavis Bramston" when it returns to TV?

She enlivened one show I recall, and since then I haven't seen her except in a couple of commercials, in which she is exceedingly good. Wonder what she's doing?

### TOMMY HANLON'S

#### Thought for the week

Momma once said—after Dad had been watching one of those teenage rock-n-roll shows on television and grumbling to himself how they never had dances like that in his day, and what was this modern generation coming to, and how could these kids take over the running of the world, and what was the difference between modern dancing and wrestling? — well, Momma put a smile back on his face simply by saying . . .

Momma's moral: My dear, the difference between modern dancing and wrestling is that in wrestling some holds are barred.



LUCILLE BALL

Lucille Ball has something of Chaplin in her which makes even the most routine tricks believable and enchanting.

What makes the programme so delightful for me is that Lucy and Viv (Vivian Vance) seem to have so much fun doing the show. You get the same pleasure from watching them as you do from seeing old friends having a whale of a time at a party.

HE'S still running and you know he's never going to catch up with that one-armed man, but he runs with such flair that it doesn't matter.

It's David Janssen as "The Fugitive" (Channel 9, 8.30 p.m., Tuesday), a condemned murderer (innocent, of course) on the run from the police for the slaying of his wife.

He knows he didn't do it and he saw a one-armed man run from the house just before he discovered her



DAVID JANSSEN

and a competent actor in the silent, stiff-upper-lip school.

He always looks a bit dishevelled and a bit haunted — the sort every woman wants to mother.

And that's why, gentlemen, your wives wouldn't miss it.

### English comedy at its worst

USUALLY, Channel 2's half-hour British comedies are well chosen.

For instance, "The Arthur Haynes Show" (Tuesday, 6.30 p.m.) and the late and much lamented (for me) "Two of a Kind," with Morecambe and Wise, "Brothers in Law" (Monday, 6.25 p.m.), and "The Marriage Lines," which shared the same star, Richard Briers.

But then there's "Hugh and I" (Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.), which is English comedy at its worst. It is clumsily produced, acted with all the competence of a

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 17, 1965



# Teal

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Catherine always seemed insignificant and plain in the radiance of Natalie's beauty

# NATALIE'S SHADOW

A tender, romantic short story  
By MARJORIE BOOTH

WHEN I heard that Catherine had married Tony Blake I was delighted for her. I felt she hadn't had much luck in life till then. But soon there were rumors from the little country town of Earlsneath, forty miles from London, where we had grown up together and where Catherine still lived.

The rumors were vague. She didn't look happy, they said. She was quiet and aloof from old acquaintances.

Concerned, I decided to run down to Earlsneath and see her. We fixed the day by telephone, and I set off on a fine spring morning. In the train, looking out at gardens brilliant with lilac, hawthorn, laburnum, I found my thoughts going back over the years.

I had known Catherine as a cheerful child, never exactly gay, but good-natured and stoical over hurts and misadventures. Small, pale, but wiry, with clear grey eyes and straight brown hair, she had one charm that for me never failed: a reliable smile. It was warm, sweet, and often droll; and to me it was endearing.

But that was before Natalie came into our lives.

Catherine must have been about thirteen when Natalie's parents bought the house next door.

And inevitably the two girls, both much of an age, were thrown together: the one plain and homely, the other exquisitely pretty, with an unusual delicacy of feature, remarkable hyacinth-blue eyes, hair like spun gold, and a translucently fair skin.

Perhaps it was inevitable, too, that the contrast between them should produce that particular attitude on the part of adults—a kind of atmosphere in which there was constant admiration for Natalie and a matter-of-fact treatment of poor Catherine.

Though I, too, was only a child, I was aware of all this and had an intuitive sympathy for her, and I may well have become prejudiced against Natalie. I don't know. But she seemed to me intolerably spoiled. Her much-admired vivacity annoyed me, too. Looking back, I still think it was restless and brittle, even noisy at times.

In spite of it all, Catherine remained good-humored and chirpy, even when adolescence increased the contrast between them. Yet Catherine's smile was wry when she repeated her mother's fond, unfortunate remark that she was a homely sparrow but Natalie was like some lovely, exotic bird.

Gradually, as we grew up, I knew that Catherine's sense of inferiority must hurt a good deal, though it was hidden from the world with cheerful courage.

Then, at nineteen, she fell in love with Tony Blake, a good-looking young chartered accountant who was a partner in his father's firm. And, of course, Natalie was in love with Tony, too. And, of course, as was only to be expected, Natalie was the one upon whom his interest fell.

Poor Catherine. She hadn't a chance. She knew it, too, deliberately throwing herself first into her training for a secretarial post, then into her work with a pair of elderly solicitors in the town.

After a while she was at least outwardly content, very busy in her job, in her secretaryship of the tennis club, and her work for a new youth organisation.

When I left the neighborhood, Natalie and Tony were engaged. The following year they were

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legs

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married. I heard about them from old acquaintances encountered by chance in London. Though Catherine and I met once or twice a year, when she was shopping in town, she never mentioned Natalie or Tony. She had a new protective reserve that forbade my asking any questions.

From other sources I heard of the arrival of a daughter for Natalie and Tony, then, later, a son, then for some years there was no news of them at all. And Catherine and I, both busy in our different spheres, had rather drifted apart.

Then the news came that Natalie had died last winter, of some rare blood disease, and that Catherine had just become the second Mrs. Tony Blake.

I had rejoiced for her. I wrote at once to wish her every happiness. But the reply was not somehow what I should have expected from Catherine as a bride, even a bride of twenty-eight years. I could see her writing it with her smile gone wry again. She wrote:

"I'm sorry I didn't stagger you with the news myself. I meant to. But getting married with two children on your hands doesn't leave much time for correspondence . . ."

The letter went on to tell me that she had looked after the children the whole five months Natalie had been ill.

"There didn't seem to be anyone else who wanted to do it. And luckily my parents could afford to keep me. Then, to help Tony, Mother and I had the children afterward, and—well, I just naturally drifted into all this . . ."

"All this" seemed an odd way of describing her marriage to the man whom she had loved for nearly ten years.

Perhaps, in a way, this letter rather prepared me to accept the rumors that Catherine was holding herself aloof from the social life of the town, declaring herself too busy to visit or entertain—a Catherine who looked, people said, shut up in herself.

ON the journey that morning I was all concern and curiosity. But as my train drew into Earlsneath station in brilliant sunshine, I was simply and solely glad to be there again, glad I had told Catherine that, if it was a fine day, I should leave the bus half-way and cut through the wood. This was a favorite haunt of ours in the old days and I knew it lay close to where she now lived.

The wood was still unspoiled and filled with the magic of spring, with bright arching fronds of bracken, with patches of bluebells that seemed to reflect the sky.

Suddenly, ahead of me, a child moved among the trees, then another child appeared. Now they were in a clearing in sunlight, among the bluebells: dazzling little creatures with golden hair. Natalie's children, of course . . .

As I went closer I saw that they had Natalie's pink and white complexion—all her beauty, in fact. And suddenly, in striking contrast, emerging from the shadow of the beech trees, was a colorless little person in a brown suit. Catherine saw me and waved.

The picture they made, coming toward me, was like a new version of an old one. Here, in place of Natalie, were two lovely "exotic birds" with the "homely sparrow," who seemed twice as commonplace as she had been.

Cathy's smile was warm and welcoming, yet I was instantly aware of the change

Continued from page 17

in her. Once she had taken at least a little trouble over her appearance. Now she wore no make-up and seemed to have acquired that plain brown cardigan suit without a thought for its dreary effect on her rather sallow skin.

Everything about her suggested depression, discouragement.

But she said brightly enough: "I've just collected the brats from school. You've never seen my step-children before, have you? This is Rosemary. She's six. And this is David, nearly five."

As the children ran ahead of us I was about to congratulate Catherine on her success as a step-mother when she said in a voice that shocked me: "You see how lovely they are! Imagine what it's like going about with them where we're not known. I always feel people are thinking: Fancy those beautiful children belonging to that plain little thing!"

What new secret pain, grief or bitterness was at work in her I could not bear to imagine. Tony was very good-looking, too, in his own dark, clean-cut way. Did she imagine that people also said: Fancy that plain little thing being married to that handsome man!

The beeches were thinning out, we were nearing the road, and wanting more of her confidence while we were still alone, I said quickly: "I can see the children are tremendously fond of you. That must please you."

She shrugged. "They're dependent on me, have been for a long time, remember." There was what I can only call an escape of cynicism in her tone, though she spoke kindly enough to David when he came to show us a snail he had found among rotted leaves and stayed to walk beside her.

Within a few minutes we had reached Catherine's new home, a charming detached house, set well back in a pleasant, leafy avenue.

Inside, all was neatness, polish, and brightness. "How nice it all is!" I exclaimed.

"Natalie's good taste," Catherine told me briefly, and I realised that if she wasn't happy it might well hurt to be surrounded by the first wife's things.

But why she shouldn't be happy with Tony I couldn't imagine. He had always seemed a very likeable man, though I had never known him well.

After an excellent lunch, the children went out to play in the garden and we sat down to coffee and biscuits. Catherine had made the biscuits herself. "Tony is keen on these, so I often make them," she said.

"I feel very inferior," I told her, "when I'm with a wonderful cook like you."

As I had hoped, the stressed word drew her out. "I've spent most of my life feeling inferior!" she said, with a light yet bitter little laugh. "But you know about that. So I can talk about it to you. I feel so bottled up."

"Tell me, then." With a rather tortured version of the old doll smile she went on: "Well, you can see how ironical it is that I should have stepped into Natalie's shoes. Here I'm on show in direct contrast with her all the time."

"Oh, Cathy!" I protested in dismay. "I'm sure your husband doesn't see you like that."

She turned from me, saying dully, with old grief: "He chose Natalie, remember. I loved him then, as you know. All that long time ago."

Looking out into the

garden, watching Rosemary and David playing ball on the lawn, Cathy added: "Tony didn't want me till Natalie was dead and someone was needed to look after him and the children. I feel it terribly, not being really wanted for myself."

"Don't say that. I'm quite sure you're wrong." Yet, unconvinced myself, wholly ignorant of the true situation, how could I hope to convince her?

"Everyone in Earlsneath must know it. That's why I don't care to mix with people much now . . . Oh, let's drop the subject. What is the matter with me?" She tried to laugh at herself. "Here am I, wanting to give you a nice day, and running on about my secret woes! Let's get out in the garden. Doesn't Tony keep it beautifully?"

As we walked among the tulips and wallflowers and all the other spring flowers, Catherine talked proudly of Tony's work in the garden. Every word revealed a deep devotion to him that she obviously could not conceal.

After tea Rosemary and David implored my help with a new jigsaw puzzle, and we were in the middle of this when Catherine, sitting mending close by, said: "Listen! There's Daddy! He has caught an early train."



She went out into the hall to meet him and I heard her soft voice raised in surprise: "However did you manage it?"

Heard him say something about a cancelled appointment. Then he was in the room, shaking hands with me and confirming my old good impression of him, though now he was verging on middle age and I had known him only as a shy, enthusiastic young tennis player.

Tony was a big, slightly overweight, courteous, sincere man of few words; a man's man, but a little obtuse, perhaps, with women.

"Nice to see you again," he said warmly, then left me to do the talking.

Not a man to get at all romantic, or to be free with compliments, I summed him up to myself; not even, perhaps, with his first bride, in the flush of youth. So it was unlikely, I feared, that he could ever instil confidence into Cathy's poor wounded heart; a plain second wife with a long-established sense of her inferiority to the first wife.

The relationship between my friend and her husband seemed pleasant and mutually considerate. But whether he was really fond or merely kind, this I could not for the moment decide.

While Catherine made some tea for him, he took me out into the garden to show me some special hyacinths of a

new variety; and there, in evening sunlight that seemed to float in the air, he tried to express something.

"I'm so glad you came today . . . I wish Catherine saw more people . . . I think she is a little lonely sometimes . . ." He relit his pipe. I waited. Nothing more came. He turned away to point out a new rosebed, then slowly and in silence we walked back to the house.

When I left them an hour or so later Catherine kissed me with warm affection. "Do come again soon," she begged. "I will. I promise. I want to," I assured her of my loving friendship, knowing I was the only person in the world to whom she could open her sore heart.

THE two further visits I paid during the summer seemed merely to repeat the pattern of the first. Though I tried to give her confidence in herself, Catherine remained the same: kind and thoughtful, but with a secret, warping sense of deprivation.

Then, on an autumn day just a year ago, I rushed down to Earlsneath in alarm.

By mere chance that morning, in a week-old newspaper in which I was wrapping dead flowers, I had seen the report of a road accident in the city in which a taxi and a lorry had collided. The taxi driver was killed outright and his passenger had sustained grave internal injuries. The passenger was Tony Blake, a chartered accountant, living at Earlsneath.

I ran to the telephone. Catherine answered me. She was bravely controlled but said there was little hope. Tony had seemed to be recovering, had talked to her and asked to see the children.

Then, yesterday, complications had set in. They were operating this afternoon. They had warned her . . . Catherine broke down.

I said: "I'll come at once. At least I can take the children off your hands."

"They're with Mother. But come . . . I need you."

Again it was a fine, sunny day. All along the railway line outside town there were gardens filled with chrysanthemums and Michaelmas daisies, and here and there I saw late blooming roses.

It seemed a long, long journey.

When at last I reached the house, Catherine was watching for me from the window and came to meet me, looking small, pale, and pinched.

She said at once: "I can't talk about it," and led me into the living-room, where with characteristic thoughtfulness she had set out a meal.

We both made an effort to eat and talk about ordinary things, and we had just risen from the table when she saw the postman come through the gate. As a matter of routine, Catherine went out into the hall and came back with a letter in her hand, saying in surprise as she tore it open:

"From Tony! How strange! I was with him all last evening. He must have written it later . . . got someone to post it . . ." She began to read.

I left her. I walked about the garden, where Tony's roses were still richly in bloom, stooping now and then to pull up some small new weed, glad to be able to render even this trivial service.

When Cathy appeared she wore a look of intense but controlled emotion. She said: "I didn't know Tony could write like that. You see, it's the first love letter I've ever had from him. That's funny, isn't it?" She made an

attempt at a grin, but with the tears running down her face it was more of a grimace. "Come on," I said, "I'm going to make you some tea."

Sitting in the kitchen she took the letter from her overall pocket, and silently read it over and over again. Then she began to rail at herself:

"What a fool I've been with my damned sense of inferiority. Why couldn't I believe? I've held so much back. I could have shown him so much love if only I had faith in him. He says he can't ever say what he feels, so he had to write." Her voice broke.

"He says he tried to say all this when I was with him yesterday. He says he wanted to thank me for what I'd done for him and the children. He says I've brought them all a happiness they never had before . . ."

"I'm sure that's true," I said with conviction. "And he says he loves me!"

Then she went on to talk at herself again. "If only I'd known. Believed, I mean. But he's never told me that before."

"Then perhaps it was hard for you," I tried to help her. "But I ought to have had faith, knowing his reserve. Now it may be too late. Cathy put her arms on the table and wept."

But by a miracle of surgery it was not too late. Tony recovered.

And the other day, almost on the anniversary of the unhappy journey of mine to Earlsneath, Cathy came to town and met me for tea at a West End store.

I arrived there first, and watching for her, saw many attractive, well-dressed women enter the room. Even so, I felt a split-second of admiration for the well-groomed woman who entered before I recognised her as Cathy.

Well made-up, wearing a trim red suit, she came bravely to the table and gave me the old, warm smile. "Didn't you know me?"

"You look wonderful," I said sincerely.

She laughed. "Thank you. I'm doing the best I can with myself. And it's fun. Though Tony isn't all that encouraging. He says I was all right in his eyes before. You know what he is." She made fun of him fondly. "I can't pay a compliment to save his life. Unless that's one! Anyway, what does it matter? He's happy and I'm happy."

"That sticks out a mile," I said.

Presently, over tea, she mocked at herself ruefully. "To think I spent the first year of my marriage with all that iron in my soul!"

"It was just a rusty charm from the past," I said.

"Well, it has all been chucked on the rubbish dump now," she said happily. "And before long I shall be shopping for a new member of the family. In fact, I made a start today . . ."

After my congratulations she said thoughtfully:

"I don't think I could love my own child more than I love Rosemary and David. They're so like Tony in character. But, perhaps, Cathy went on, suddenly wistful, with memories she would never quite forget, "perhaps my own child will need something more from me—more help. I mean, he or she isn't likely to look at me as Tony did. I shall have to see to it that that doesn't hurt, and build up his or her little morale right from the start."

No one needs to be another Natalie to achieve love and happiness, I thought, wondering who would recognise the radiantly attractive Catherine as the homely sparrow of the beech wood.

(c) 1964 by Marjorie Booth



# THE FOURTH BRIDE

By EDWARD STREETER



**M**ISS ADELAIDE appeared in the doorway of Mr. Potter's office. "Peggy wants to speak to you," she said. She gave him a tight, mysterious little smile. Miss Adelaide smiled so seldom that any facial relaxation was likely to seem mysterious.

Jeffrey Potter picked up his receiver, glancing at his wristwatch as he did so. "Tell Henderson I want to see him. No, not you, dear. I was talking to Miss Adelaide. What's on your mind, Pegasus?"

The voice that came over the phone was so breathless that he scarcely recognised it as that of his youngest daughter. "Pops, I'm sorry to bother you at the office, but this is so terrific I couldn't wait. Grab the edge of your desk, Pops, and hang on tight. I've just had lunch with Sam, and he's

going to marry me. Isn't that wonderful? Sam, Pops! Sam and I are going to get married. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Delafield. What do you think of that?"

Jeffrey Potter removed the receiver from his ear and stared at it as if it were some strange object he had never seen before.

"Pops, are you there?"

"I'm here," he said. "Barely."

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*Peggy and her mother spent hours together compiling wedding lists.*



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# TEST CASE



Cornelius stood up as Jimmy and the pretty, young girl entered.

JIMMY put the question to himself: was the job of store detective all it was cracked up to be?

In whodunits there was never a dull moment for the private eyes. Here, in Cullingford's department store, the customers looked so honest and respectable he would probably rot away from boredom.

A harassed mother went by, trailing a couple of fretful kids. Then a large elderly female. Not a shoplifter among them. Jimmy smiled grimly. He would have liked to join the police, but they had said he was not quite tall enough. So he applied for this job as store detective.

A mistake, perhaps. Dull, that's what it was... at least so far. And to crown it all old Cornelius Cullingford, the boss of the store, thought he was too young for the job. "Of course, a job like this does call for a sense of responsibility," Cullingford had said, eyeing him dubiously. "A highly developed sense of observation. Experience. The ability to stifle one's emotional feelings..."

Jimmy had mumbled something about possessing all these qualities in spite of his too-youthful appearance.

"No harm in giving you a trial, I suppose," Cullingford had added grudgingly. "We've got to have somebody. The petty thieving is quite appalling. I hope you can produce results."

"I'll do my best, sir."

"Hope you're better than the last chap. He was hopeless."

To hear Cullingford talk, Jimmy told himself, you would think all the shoplifters in Britain were at large in his store. Whereas, however hard you looked, you never found any. And when life seemed empty you started paying attention to the glamor. This was bad, because a store detective had to be on his toes. He could not afford to let his attention be diverted by beautiful girls.

Like this girl in front of the fancy-jewellery counter. The one fingering the strings of artificial pearls. Now, there was a girl and no mistake... a real honey.

Hey, hey, hey... watch it, now. Mustn't be too impressionable.

And how she looked round furtively and then slipped the string of pearls into her coat pocket.

Jimmy felt his nerves tingle. Oh, heck, why did it have to be this girl?

He watched her with a sick feeling as she moved away. She went into the restaurant on the ground floor. She had not tried to walk right out of the store. Well, that was something. Sheer bravado, of course. He watched her sit down at a table.

The table was in a corner, isolated from the others. Jimmy was glad. He did not want to do his heavy "cop" act within earshot of other people. She glanced at Jimmy as he sat down facing her at the table. She treated him to a small, shy, disarming smile, then turned her attention to the menu. Smooth, he thought, very smooth.

Suddenly he said: "Well... have you got anything to say?"

She regarded him with lips parted in surprise. "I beg your pardon."

"Had a good haul today?"

She stared. "I think you're mistaking me for someone else. I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about."

"I'm the store detective," said Jimmy, gazing into eyes as innocent as stained-glass windows.

He ought to sound stern, but he knew he couldn't. He said: "I think you know what I'm getting at. Why did you do it?"

There was a tiny giveaway movement in her throat. "Do what?"

"Slip those pearls in your pocket."

Her hand went instinctively toward the pocket. Jimmy said: "Don't try the old trick of dropping them on the floor and making out somebody else dropped them there—it won't wash."

The hand disappeared into the pocket. She pulled out the pearls, gazed at them longingly, then passed them to Jimmy. He took them from her. "But why did you...? Why?" Her head sank on her breast. She was quietly weeping.

"I came to London to try my luck on the stage," she told him, sobbing. "Things have got tough. I haven't got a bean. I'm due for an audition this afternoon. I wanted to look nice and I saw these, and..."

"It just came over you," Jimmy finished for her.

"Yes," she whispered. She lifted her head. Her eyes were desperate with appeal. "Please let me go..."

She laid one hand over his on the table. "I could make it up to you in some way... won't you please, please let me go?"

Jimmy yearned to say: "Yes, yes. Run along. We'll forget the whole thing. And take the pearls with you." But his sense of duty triumphed. Cullingford had been dead right. This job called for a sense of responsibility, the stifling of one's basic emotions. If he gave in to this girl it would prove conclusively that Cullingford had been right... he was too young.

"I'm sorry," Jimmy said, clamping his jaws together. "I've got a job to do... to take you to the guv'nor." He held her arm as he led her away, wishing circumstances were different, that he was taking her to lunch, to a film, anywhere but the boss's room.

Cornelius Cullingford got up from his desk as Jimmy led the girl in. He gripped her by the shoulders. "Thank you, Jenny, my poppet." Then he turned to Jimmy.

"My daughter Jenny," Cullingford said. "Hope you don't mind the little ruse. I had real trouble with the last fellow. He couldn't resist a pretty face. Let at least two of 'em go scot-free. I don't know if he received any favors in return."

At this Jimmy's face flushed... "You surely don't think..." he said.

"No hard feelings," the old man added, patting Jimmy's shoulder. "I said I was giving you a trial. Well, that was part of it. You spotted her pinching the pearls, so you passed the observation test. Then you brought her in—so you passed the other test, the emotional one."

Jimmy might have felt annoyed if another feeling had not crept in. Relief that this girl was not what she had appeared to be.

"I hope you're going to be happy at Cullingford's," the old man was saying.

Jimmy was still looking at Jenny. "I'm sure I'm going to be," he said.

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A short short story by MICHAEL MOORE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 1953



# The V.I.P.

An appealing story

By MARY DRAKE

IT was only six o'clock. Though the sun did not reach her room till the afternoon Mrs. Nolan could tell it was going to be another hot day. Mr. Nolan had kicked his share of the blanket to her side of the large double bed, and she was perspiring under the extra thickness. He was still asleep, the long strands of greying hair which he so carefully brushed across to hide his increasing baldness lying damply on the pillow.

For a few minutes more she lay there, savoring this quiet time before she must arise to face another day. Though, she remembered with relief, this was Friday. The household shopping, washing, and ironing were up to date, and she intended to relax; perhaps read a magazine or two and watch television.

It was all very well for Dr. Hicks to tell her she must keep her feet up to get relief from her varicose veins. She would like to see him try it if he had a husband and three children to look after. Not to mention the constant war to be waged against the dirt that crept into every nook and cranny of the old weatherboard house. And as to those surgical stockings! They were more than a body could stand this muggy weather.

Mr. Nolan grunted and stirred, and with a philosophical sigh she put her feet to the floor and donned her old slippers. For the next hour or so there would be chaos as the family prepared to meet its individual demands of another day. Young Stubby would be the only placid one, going his unperturbed way about getting ready for school.

At the thought of her youngest-born her expression softened. Though she would have stoutly denied that she had a favorite, there was a strong bond between her and nine-year-old Stubby. To the world he showed an exterior that was all normal, tough little boy, but with her he was oddly gentle and receptive. He was not too grown-up to come home from school, clasp his arms around her ample waist, and give her a great hug.

Stubby it was who would ask concernedly about her legs and insist she sit down in the comfortable old rocker while he made a cup of tea. He would place the tray beside her chair and, while they drank companionably, would tell her about his day's doings at school.

With a little nag of worry she recalled that he had not been his usual cheery self the previous evening. During dinner he had been very quiet, and while she and Shirley had been washing the dishes he had wandered aimlessly round the kitchen, opening a cupboard here, a drawer there, till Shirley had good-naturedly told him to make himself scarce.

Perhaps he was sickening for something? Or maybe he had some small problem on his mind. She resolved to



Coping with the household chores and looking after her husband and children kept Mrs. Nolan constantly busy.

give him an opportunity of unburdening himself to her over the weekend.

Now the morning rush was over. There had been friendly squabbles over occupancy of the bathroom, moans from nineteen-year-old Shirley because she had laddered a stocking, and Alan wanting to know what had happened to that maroon tie—the one his fiancée, Jill, had given him for Christmas.

But now the house was blissfully quiet. Shirley and Alan had been the first to leave, with the usual rush to get to the bus-stop on time. Then Mr. Nolan, who had taken extra pains with his toilet this morning. She knew it was an important day for him.

Since the early years of their marriage he had been employed in the manchester department of a big store. The manager of his department had recently retired, and his successor was to be announced that day. By virtue of his seniority Sam Nolan should have been the logical choice, but the firm was showing a strong tendency to weed out the older employees, replacing them with up-and-coming younger men.

"It will be a shame if he doesn't get it, a darned shame," Mrs. Nolan thought to herself, recalling the brisk way he had set out that morning, his hat at a jauntier angle than usual.

The breakfast dishes were stacked in the sink, and she had poured herself a second cup of coffee while she glanced at the paper. She noticed there was to be an old movie on television at midday, starring Marlene Dietrich, and she decided to watch it.

She could remember a time when Sam had said that her legs were just as shapely as Marlene's. It had been

true, too. They had been good legs when she was a girl. Now she knew what time and work had done.

She suddenly realised that Stubby had not left for school. It was easy for him to forget the time when he was in his bedroom. This was a small box-like area at the end of the verandah, which had become Stubby's room by the simple expedient of putting up a fibro partition.

She went out there now, calling him. But the sound of her voice was drowned by the rattle of money against tin. She could see him through the open doorway, engrossed in wedging a knife into his money-box. She stood there for a moment, trying to think what he would be needing money for.

And then she remembered. Today was Friday the sixth! Stubby's teacher had introduced an innovation in her class. When a child had a birthday, a number of his classmates brought cakes and there would be a party after school. The plan had proved a great success. Each mother was called upon only twice a term for her donation. When her own child had a birthday she could be assured that he would be given a party, with no effort on her part beyond providing a birthday cake.

And Stubby had brought home a note at the beginning of the week, telling her she was on the roster for this Friday. She had promised him a batch of the small orange cakes he loved. Of course, that's what he had been doing in the kitchen last night—poking around in the cupboards to see if she had remembered, hesitant to ask because she had been complaining of her feet!

To page 28

## RHEUMATISM IN THE BACK

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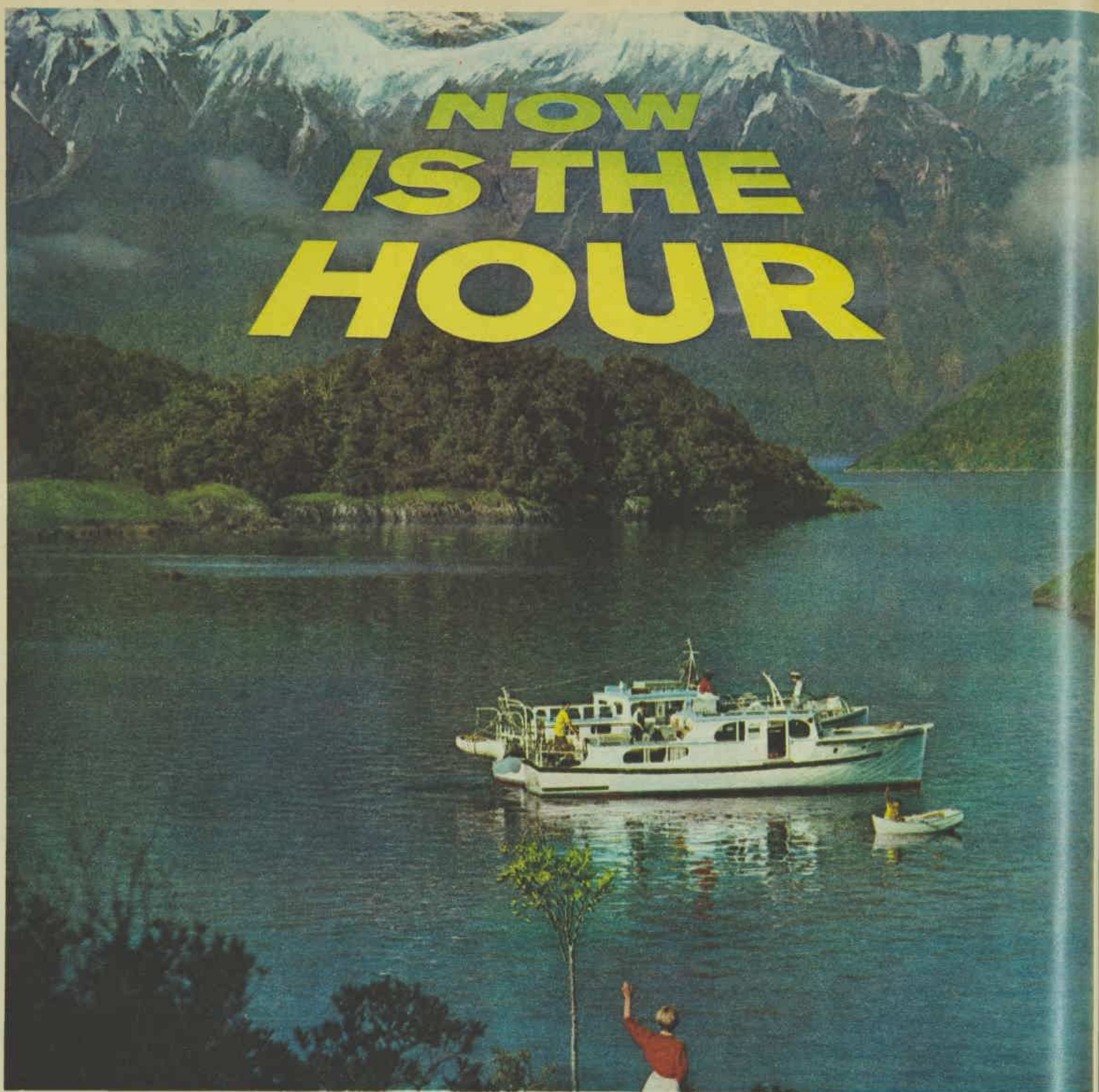
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## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Guests at the sink

"WHAT is wrong with guests washing up?" asks Mrs. Klump (N.S.W.), then adds: "Let's change an outmoded convention." It isn't a convention not to expect guests to wash up, it is a normal courtesy that you don't have them as kitchen helpers. Women usually dress in their good clothes, and don't appreciate clearing away food and dirty dishes. We all get plenty of washing up at home, and prefer "gracious living" when we dine with friends.

£1/1/- to "Hostess" (name supplied), Somers, Vic.

UNLESS it is a formal meal I certainly expect guests to help me afterwards. I speedily accept an offer, enthusiastic or otherwise, and insist on helping when I visit. Guests who accept my hospitality, sit around eagerly awaiting supper later, and then drift off with effusive thanks get very widely spaced invitations.

£1/1/- to Mrs. O. Tewkesbury, Old Bar, N.S.W.

TO do away with the anti-climax of washing up at midnight, perhaps you might like to adopt my solution. Fill the sink with clean, hot water, add a generous amount of detergent, pile in the dishes — and forget them! Next morning you'll find it far easier to contend with such mundane things, and, as a bonus, most of the real work will have dissolved.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. R. Joyce, Kalgoorlie, W.A.

I WOULD say if she cannot put up with the chores she should not have dinner guests. My wife and I entertain occasionally, and she never complains. Incidentally, I help with the washing up.

£1/1/- to Mr. H. A. Day, Brookvale, N.S.W.

THIS happened over 50 years ago, but I always think of it when washing up after visitors have departed. My mother had a very religious friend, of whom we stood somewhat in awe. One day when she came to lunch Mother asked her to say grace. Reverently she lowered her head and said, "Because I will not have to wash these dishes the Lord has already made me truly thankful. Amen." We children were convulsed, but she just looked at us severely and said, "I really meant that, and I'm sure the Lord understands."

£1/1/- to Mrs. Elsie H. Wright, Bonville, N.S.W.

WHY spoil a pleasant evening for the guests? Let them be guests for the whole evening.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Sealey, Woodford, N.S.W.

### The other woman

AFTER 25 years of marriage my husband has started calling me "Ma." I feel the other "me" has gone away somewhere, and "Ma" is a kind of left-over. I even fancy he treats me like his Ma, and I don't like it. Any other "Mas" with the same problem?

£1/1/- to "Poor Ma" (name supplied), Toronto, N.S.W.

### Instant face for callers

HAVE you ever wondered what to do with a powder compact that hasn't enough in it for regular use but has a little too much powder left to throw out? I've solved the problem — I carry it in my apron pocket with a comb. Then, when someone knocks at the door, I have a few seconds in which to apply my "instant face" instead of having to make a frantic dash for the bedroom.

£1/1/- to "Prepared" (name supplied), Kangaroo Flat, Vic.

### Battles in the playground

SURELY there is enough malice and hatred in our beautiful world without engendering more. My eldest son is in kindergarten, and one of the first things he learnt from the school playground was to shoot the "Germans" and "Japs." I was horrified. Quite likely the children don't know what they are saying, but what about their parents? Why drag up the evil that is past and put it in children's hands as a plaything?

£1/1/- to A.M.W. (name supplied), Glenbrook, N.S.W.

### Mysteries of English

THERE are many problems in our language which New Australians have to overcome. One strange statement I came across recently was, "If girls' shorts get any shorter, they won't be allowed any longer."

£1/1/- to "Mrs. L." (name supplied), Torrens Park, S.A.

### By way of a compliment

MRS. THOMAS' report of being told by a grandson that she has "lovely fluffy arms" reminded me that, as a child, I used to tell my mother that she had "nice soft cheeks, like porridge." I realise now that she would have been about 30 at the time! However, she accepted the comment in the spirit in which it was intended.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Milton, Epping, N.S.W.

### Whistle for a sweet

I WENT back a few years when I read "Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang," with its reference to whistling sweets. I wonder how many readers tasted lolly whistles? They were usually pink in color, semi-transparent, and tubular, and we really could blow them and make them whistle.

£1/1/- to E. M. Scoullar, Enkay, Qld.

## WHATEVER NEXT?

• New York fashion authorities predict that styles to be adopted by smart women next season will include "a serene attitude to life."



The dictionary defines serene  
As "placid, calm, and unperturbed."  
In novels and on stage and screen  
You see such ladies, undisturbed  
By trifles that beset the mob  
Who, tied to desk or kitchen sink  
(It matters not what kind of job),  
Have little time to breathe or think,  
But who, where fashion leads, will try  
To tag along with current trends.  
Serenity, if sold, they'd buy  
And wear it to annoy their friends.  
Vivacity, it's plainly seen,  
Is out of date and must be shunned.  
So if you cannot look serene  
Try looking like a mullet (stunned).

— Dorothy Drain

### It seems so long ago

RECENTLY I came across a little notebook in which I had jotted down some housekeeping expenses. This is what I had bought when I went shopping one day: One cabbage 3d., 1lb. onions 1d., 2lb. forequarter chops 9d., cat's meat 3d., toothpaste 6d., toilet soap 2d., two pairs of shoelaces 3d. The place was Melbourne, and the year only 1947!

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Earle, Glenelg, Vic.

### Optimism of youth

FINDING on the kitchen shelf a tin with a perforated grease-proof paper secured over the top with a rubber band, and "Don't touch" written on the side of the tin, I promptly opened it. Beneath some inches of screwed-up paper were three eggs. Having replaced everything, I asked my eight-year-old sister what it was. "I'm trying to hatch chickens and the holes are so they can breathe," she explained.

£1/1/- to "Curious" (name supplied), Hobart.

### If we had all our wishes

THE other night I was thinking back over the past months of all the setbacks, frustrations, and disappointments we had encountered. Feeling very sorry for myself, I couldn't help thinking what might have been — if. Then a startling thought came to me. If we DID have all that we wished for in life, what would be our goal? So I'll stay as I am, thanks.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Witmiz, Horsham, Vic.

## DON'T JUST WATCH!



## DO SOMETHING!

Why be an onlooker, a bystander, when you can be in the thick of things? No matter what time of the month it is!

Tampax internal sanitary protection should be part of your active life! It never hampers you — you can't even feel it once it's in place!

Tampax prevents odour from forming by doing away with belts, pins, pads! Tampax is easy to change and dispose of. Its silken-smooth applicator ensures correct and hygienic insertion.

Millions of young women use Tampax — join them! Your choice of 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super) in standard 10's, and the new Economy 40's at substantial saving.



Invented by a doctor — now used by millions of women

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Ross Campbell writes...

### MY son plunked down four empty Fizza-Kola bottles on the table.

He had been trying to sell them at the post office store at Sunburn Beach. Getting money back on bottles is one of his perks.

"They won't take them," he said indignantly. "They say they only stock Beata-Kola."

I expected trouble of the sort. We had run into it before on our holidays.

This time we moved about a bit. We went to the Snowy Mountains and back through the Federal Capital to Sunburn Beach. Naturally the party drank a good deal on the way.

But say you turn up at Cooma and try to sell a load of bottles bought in Sydney. You may not get a warm reception.

One thing you learn travelling round Australia is that places have their own brands of soft drinks.

I believe there are experts who can tell the different flavors. They

### ON THE BOTTLE

will smack their lips and say: "A nice, full-bodied Gosford orangeade." Or: "This has the impudent tang of a Wagga tonic water."

The snag for travellers, we found, was that the local shops took a grumpy view of foreign empties.

Some of them took a grumpy view of empties of any kind. Their motto seemed to be: "Your money cheerlessly refunded."

It goes against my Scottish grain to leave soft-drink bottles in garbage tins.

I don't mean I go round collecting other people's bottles like boys at football matches. Some of these boys sit beside you and stare while you are drinking to hurry you up. I think that is going too far.

But your own genuine empties, I feel, should be taken back to the shop. My children are strongly of this opinion.

Faced with the problem while travelling, I issued an important instruction: "When we stop for a drink, try to finish the bottles in one go. Get the refund before you move on," I said.

This made good financial sense, but it did not add to the comfort of drinking.

At Jindabyne everyone was battling to finish off their sparkling passionade. Baby Pip had to be helped with the final swig.

My son made a profitable deal with the empties. But when the party returned to the car they were more effervescent inside than outside.

As for the bottles we had brought from Sydney and could not sell, we carried them home in the boot.

Soft-drink bottles have a homing instinct like pigeons.

Mr. Cellini, the greengrocer, took them back cheerfully. It was a pleasure to see his smiling face. He knew we were going to buy more drinks.



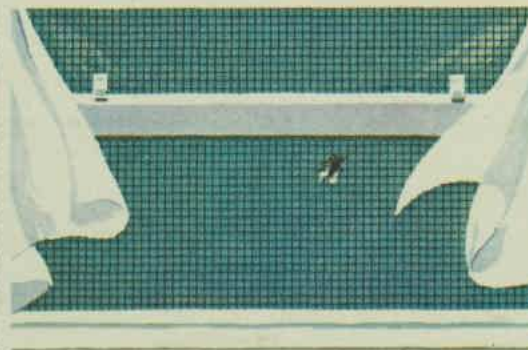
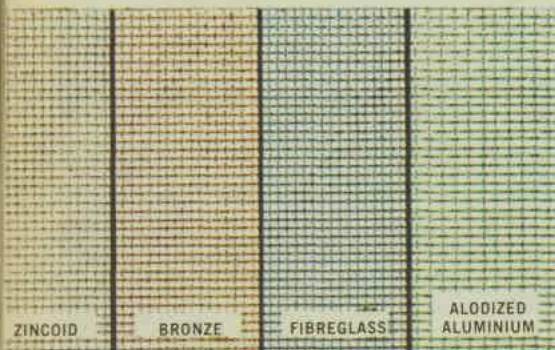
THE lines round your eyes are soon smoothed away by using vitalizing cream every night. Gently circle the cream, coaxing it into the dry lines to impart milky smoothness to the skin. Press the nourishment along the deeper expression lines seven times in an outward or upward direction with the fingertips, then smooth over the face and neck to enable the Ulan Vitalizing Night Cream to bring youth to the complexion.





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"With Cycloscreen, we leave open the windows at night and let in only the breeze — no flies and mosquitoes." After a hot day, your home needs the night breeze through it—but you don't want the insects it brings. There are Cycloscreen meshes designed to keep out the smallest pests—yet keep the air flowing. You can cook, eat, relax, sleep in comfort without fear of the infections that summer flies and mosquitoes carry into the home.

"It was so easy to get our screens made with Cycloscreen—the experts measured, chose the right material, made and fitted them. (Next door made their own, following Cycloscreen's booklet.)" You can make your own insect screens easily: Cycloscreen's free booklet tells you how. If you want your screens made, get Cycloscreen's "Screen Maker's Guide"; or ask a local carpenter, or get your hardware man's advice. Experts endorse Cycloscreen.

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  - Where to have screens made in our area and estimated costs.
  - Which screening material we need for our type of weather.
  - What our family needs to know about fly and mosquito dangers.
- Your booklet "Living's a Breeze with Cycloscreen" puts us under no obligation and is a free service.

MY NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_





## EVENING GLOW ON PORT PHILLIP BAY

*BECALMED in the golden flush of a summer evening, a catamaran lazes on the sunset-stippled bay of Beaumaris, Victoria. But this same "Kitty" catamaran, before a good breeze, can be one of the fastest 12-footers afloat. Twelve-footers are the most popular among 12 classes of catamaran. Fifty of them in Victoria sail from six clubs around Port Phillip Bay. This one is New Zealand designed.*

*Picture by Mr. J. O. Colahan, Beaumaris, Vic.*

**BEAUTIFUL  
AUSTRALIA**



# AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Just lately I've been doing some hospital visiting, which has made me think a bit about children as patients. I've been visiting a small niece every day, because her mother had the bad luck to catch measles just after the poor child went into hospital to have her tonsils out.

**ELIZABETH** is nine, and therefore very grown-up and self-controlled about the whole business.

Hospital isn't fun for children of any age (or for anyone else), but by the time they've reached an age when they can fully understand what's going to happen—and why—things are not so bad.

It's the tiny ones—especially the under-threes—that I'm always so sorry for.

In Elizabeth's ward there was an adorably pretty three-year-old who spent all her waking hours (except for

the short time in the afternoon when her mother was there) rocking mournfully back and forwards in her cot.

When her mother arrived each afternoon the child would cry and cling to her the whole time she was there; and when the bell rang to signal the end of visiting hours the child would burst into panicky screams of "Don't leave me, don't leave me," and, according to Elizabeth, go on crying loudly for an hour or more before she tired herself and went back to her mournful rocking.

I'm not suggesting that this is the normal pattern for three-year-olds. Across the aisle from this little girl there

was a little boy about the same age who screamed blue murder every afternoon when his mother left and three minutes later was playing perfectly happily in his cot.

But I wonder why some hospitals stick so obstinately and rigidly to restricted visiting hours where the patients are tiny children under school age, who have probably never before been parted from their mothers, and certainly haven't been parted from them under strange and rather frightening conditions.

## Nurse has the wrong idea about mothers . . .

**ONE** of the nursing staff (a young woman who was kindness itself to all the children in the ward) said to me, "Poor little mite, she'd be far better off if her mother didn't come at all. It only upsets her."

This, I'm convinced, is one of the biggest fallacies of child nursing.

Because the child cries when his mother comes and when she goes, lots of nurses firmly believe that visits should be cut to a minimum or else ruled out altogether, that they upset the child and unsettle him. Whereas what has upset the child really is not the mother's visit but her unexplainable absence for the rest of the day.

All that worry and sorrow and anger comes pouring out when she gets there, for the simple reason that she's the only person to whom it can be expressed.

Until a child is two (at the youngest), Mummy is the only person who is any use when he's frightened or hurt. Many hospitals here and abroad recognise that to the full, and where they can't make provision for the mother to stay in the hospital with the child, do the next best thing and have unrestricted visiting hours, so that she can spend as much of the day as possible with her child.

Some mothers may be over-anxious and a bit of a nuisance. But it's still worth remembering that the worn mother in the world is usually the one person in the world a very small child wants when he's uncomfortable.

A child too young to explain his wants clearly to strangers, too young to submit to medical examination without screams and struggles, too young to be able to respond to the well-meant words and touches of all sorts of strangers who keep bobbing up in starched white uniforms, is often a very frightened and confused little patient, hard to nurse, and likely to go on suffering from the experience for weeks or months after he leaves the hospital.

But if the mother is there most of the time—if she can change him and feed him and talk to him and play with him and tuck him in for the night and give him the support of her touch and her voice when anything unpleasant in the way of treatment has to be done—then he will only have illness to contend with, instead of illness and unhappiness, which can be a very nasty combination.

## It's "the way to break a sick child's heart"

**BACK** in 1777, when it was first proposed in England that small children be treated in hospitals instead of as out-patients as in the past, an English physician named George Armstrong wrote:

"A very little reflection will convince any thinking person that such a scheme as this can never be executed. If you take away a sick child from its parent or nurse you break its heart immediately."

Strong words—but they bear thinking of in those of our hospitals which, 188 years later, still regard the patient's parents as nuisances to be got rid of as soon as possible.

There are still hospitals where children are taken away from their mothers in a hospital corridor and undressed and put into a strange bed by strange hands.

Surely the patient would be easier to manage if his mother undressed him, put him to bed, and settled him down.

There are still hospitals where the mother's desire to explain the child's idiosyncrasies are brushed off as though she's a demented fuss-pot.

Surely beds would be drier and conditions quieter if she'd been allowed to pass on the baby's code word for wanting the pot and his unaccountable prejudice against having his left leg put into pyjamas before the right.

The argument of the staff—those who stick to the old parents-are-bad-for-their-children attitude—is that a mother gets in the way of the staff and communicates her own tension to the child.

My guess is that she communicates a lot more tension when she knows that in a few minutes she's going to have to walk out and turn a deaf ear to the panicky screams, and that she can't come back again to comfort the child for 24 hours or more.

## Worried about skin problems?



### ASK YOUR CHEMIST ABOUT GAMOPHEN SOAP.

If you are worried by skin problems, you need Gamophen Soap.

Gamophen cleans deep down in the pores of the skin—contains Hexachlorophene, the powerful antiseptic that combats bacteria which cause pimples, acne, and other skin problems.

Fragrant, mild, Gamophen is the best soap for your family's skin protection—it's an effective deodorant too.

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Be kind to your skin  
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Pretty young mother Mrs. Marcia Frazer of Pacific Highway, Artarmon, N.S.W., is brimming with vitality, enjoys every moment of her busy life. Read about her All-Bran energy plan here!

How All-Bran helps me enjoy life more:

**"Now it's fun keeping up with the children!"**

**A Full Life.** Meet Marcia Frazer, a vital young housewife who fits about 25 hours' gay living into every day. Besides looking after her two small children, Mrs. Frazer loves to play tennis and swim, and despite her crowded day looks forward to entertaining in her lovely home. What is the source of all her energy? Marcia says it's her All-Bran<sup>®</sup> breakfast plan.

**Her Energy Plan.** "Now that I eat All-Bran, nothing seems to tire me. I always have plenty of energy", says Marcia. Yet 5 years ago she was feeling tired and listless, everything seemed to be too much trouble. "A friend suggested I try All-Bran," she recalls, "and in a week I felt absolutely wonderful . . . it was unbeliev-

able! Naturally I've kept on eating All-Bran, and have felt marvellously fit ever since. Just half a cup of crisp All-Bran each morning with some stewed fruit, or sprinkled over another Kellogg's cereal, that's my energy plan!"

**How All-Bran for Breakfast helps You!** All-Bran isn't a medicine or a drug. It's the safe natural way to maintain regularity. A crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal that is rich in the vital "bulk" your system must have to function properly.

When you enjoy All-Bran for breakfast you're helping to make sure of a balanced diet, helping yourself to new energy and vitality. Try it for yourself — prove how All-Bran can help you (like Marcia), enjoy life more.



**ALL-BRAN by Kellogg's**  
by far the nicest way to stay regular

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K354

"Bless him," she thought, a lump in her throat. He must have intended to buy a substitute with his own money. She hustled into his room, ignoring the money-box in his hand.

"You'll be late for school, Stubby, if you don't get a move on. There's no need to hang around waiting for the cakes. I've got to go to the shops this morning, so I'll drop them in on my way. They'll be nice and fresh then."

"Gee, Mum, I thought—I thought you'd forgotten all about them."

"Forgotten them?" She feigned surprise. "Have you ever known your old Mum to forget anything?" She gave him a brief hug and he was off in a flash. So she would have to go out after all.

The cakes were cooling now, and she was mixing the icing. She decided to take a couple of them in to Mrs. Reid next door. The poor little thing was expecting her first and was looking very poorly. She may be able to do some shopping for her, as she would be coming home empty-handed.

When she had put the cakes on a plate she went round to her neighbor's back door, which was open. She found Mrs. Reid lying on the unmade bed, looking the picture of misery. Having put the kettle on for a cup of tea, Mrs. Nolan hustled round the bedroom, straightening the blinds and smoothing the rumpled bed. When the tea was made she carried it in.

"These are light, but they'll stick to you," she said, offering a cake. "The first three months are always the worst, I say. A couple of weeks and you won't know yourself. I'm going to the shops later. Is there anything you need?" There were quite a number of things, and Mrs. Nolan thought to herself it was just as well her own shopping had been done.

As she left she noticed the washing-machine stacked with clothes, and it was the work of a moment to switch it on. She would be able to hang the things on the line when she returned from the shops.

She could hear her phone ringing when she went back. It was Shirley, her voice low because private phone calls were frowned upon at the office. But there was no mistaking the excitement in her tone.

"Mum, he's asked me out tonight. Please be a darling and finish my new frock. There's only the hem to be done." He was the young man who Shirley was currently convinced was the love of her life.

"Well, all right," Mrs. Nolan agreed slowly. "But there's a string attached to it, Shirl. Will you spend a little time with Mrs. Reid in the morning? Praps do a bit of ironing for her?"

Shirley agreed readily. "I'd be happy to, Mum. But trust you to think of someone else instead of yourself." Her voice was warm and loving.

Mrs. Nolan hung up, well satisfied with her bargain. Shirley was a good girl. A bit flighty and headstrong, perhaps, but what beautiful young girl of nineteen wasn't? At least she would be able to tackle those billowing yards of nylon while she rested on the settee.

She duly delivered the cakes at the school, made Mrs. Reid's purchases and deposited them on her kitchen table. A brief peep into the bedroom had shown she was asleep, and she had hung the clothes out to dry before returning home.

With a sigh of relief she changed her shoes for her comfortable old slippers, and, her arms full of Shirley's new frock, switched on television.

Continued from page 21

She was just in time for the closing scene of Marlene's film. The famous legs were trudging through a burning desert in impossibly high heels, the beautiful face almost obscured by the trailing chiffon of her turban.

Mrs. Nolan settled herself comfortably on the old settee. A couple of Shirley's glossy magazines were beside her, and she picked one up. She dearly loved to read the day-to-day doings of her V.I.P.s, as Shirley called them.

**S**HE avidly read of a film star's ill-fated love affair, news of the impending birth of a Royal baby, and a description of the clothes worn by a visiting celebrity. She got a vicarious thrill from following their glamorous loves. With a guilty start she closed the pages and commenced the voluminous hem.

She was almost finished when the phone rang again. It was Alan this time. Jill was in bed with a cold, so he would not be dining with her family as was his custom on Friday nights. Would it be all right if he brought a friend home with him from the office? She mustn't go to any extra fuss. They wanted to spend the evening working on the old radio in his room.

The meat loaf that Mrs. Nolan had planned for three people would not stretch to five, if the young man's appetite was anything like her sons'. She would have to cook Sunday's roast, and after school Stubby could run down to the shop and buy one of those nice apple tarts and some cream.

Then she remembered the school party. Well, she would just have to go herself. It would be preferable to setting to and making a pudding.

Somehow the precious day had slipped away from her. Here it was, time to get the roast in the oven and set the table.

When the two boys arrived she was tidy and dressed for 'company.' One look at Sam's face as he walked in told her he hadn't got the job. She made no mention of it, though, and his silence passed unnoticed in the general conversation.

Stubby chattered to her about the party, and the two elder boys were immersed in a technical discussion about radio. Shirley had rushed home, taken a quick shower and was all ready when her young man called for her. She was a radiant figure in her new frock, and judging by the admiration in the young man's eyes, Mrs. Nolan was not the only one who thought so.

Now the two boys were ensconced in Alan's room, and Stubby had gone to bed. When Mrs. Nolan went to her room after doing the dishes she found Sam removing the coverlet from the bed and folding it neatly.

"So you didn't get the job, love?" she asked, resting her hand for a moment on his shoulder. "I was thinking about it during the day, and they would have been daft to take you off the counter. Who knows the stock like you do? For years and years now people have been going to their Mr. Nolan for their sheets and towels. If you recommend a line they know they're getting quality."

"There's something in what you say, Mum," and she noticed him squaring his shoulders. "In a way I'd hate to give up the old job. And they did ask me to help the new chap as much as I can—sort of show him the ropes. He seems a nice young fellow."

THE V.I.P.

She folded back the blanket on the old double bed, the bed that she had slept on since a bride. Alan and Jill had a passion for old furniture. They were saving for antiques, and when Alan had asked if she would part with the cedar bed she had readily agreed. Not for worlds would she have hurt Sam by suggesting a nice modern pair, but it would be heaven to have her own these hot nights.

Slipping off her frock she rolled down her girdle with a sigh of relief. The room was still hot from the afternoon sun, and there was no movement of air in the muslin curtains. Thankfully lying down she wriggled her toes under the cool sheet.

It had been quite a day, really, though not the kind she had planned. She thought back to Stubby's expression when she told him about the cakes. And then she thought of Mrs. Reid. The poor little thing had been so grateful for her neighborly help. She must remind Shirley about the ironing in the morning.

How lovely she had looked in her new frock! She had given her mother a special kiss when she left, in thanks for the sewing. Alan, too, had been full of praise for the dinner. She had added several little extras, including chocolate mints with the coffee. He hadn't said anything, of course, in front of his friend, but he had followed her out to the kitchen and thanked her.

And poor old Sam! She had helped him in the only way she knew how, by bolstering up his self-esteem.

Yes, it had been quite a day. Looking at it now in retrospect there came the warm realisation that she was needed. Stretching out her arm she slipped it under Sam's already perspiring head. What had she been thinking of to consider twin beds? Alan and Jill would have to look elsewhere for their genuine antique. This was her place, where she belonged.

As she drifted comfortably into sleep she knew she would not change places with anyone. Here in her own home she was a V.I.P.—a Very Important Person.

(Copyright)



**Reveal the full beauty** of your eyes. Blend a faint haze of eye shadow that matches the eye colour along the lids. Now use liner to draw a discreet line along the upper lash roots and extend it slightly at the outer sides. Two light applications of mascara on the lashes complete the eye make-up. Keep the skin around the eyes as smooth as a child's by patting a film of oil of ulan lightly into the delicate tissues with your finger-tips. This moist tropical oil provides the ideal nourishment for the sensitive skin surrounding the eyes.

. . . Margaret Merrill.



● The best labor-saving device for a wife is a willing husband

● Men have far less cause for bad temper than their wives

# How NOT to KILL YOUR WIFE

By a Family Doctor

● This 10-page feature is mainly for husbands, though wives are advised to take more than a sneak read of it, too. It is by the same family doctor who wrote "How Not To Kill Your Husband," which we serialised in October-November, 1962. His new book, "How Not To Kill Your Wife," from which this feature is taken, will soon be out. It is really a health book for wives addressed to their husbands, telling them wisely and wittily just how to keep hard-working homemakers from getting run-down, frazzled, or bored.

## Don't kill your goose

● Most men admit it is their business to keep their wives, but not, apparently, to keep them alive.

WOMEN usually look after the health of their husbands as part of their job, but very few men think it is their business to look after their wives' health.

But husbands should realise this—if they do not look after their wives' health nobody else will.

For however much a woman watches health rules for her husband and family, she never thinks the rules apply to her. Women who have made a study of the type of diet necessary for family health never give a thought to what they themselves eat.

A wife who insists on her husband having an adequate amount of rest will rush around from the moment she springs out of bed in the morning until she drops back into it.

"It doesn't matter about me" is the cry. "Don't fuss, I am never ill!"

### Self-neglect

The point that husbands must get across to their wives is that it does matter about them.

Unfortunately, although many men have a vague disquiet about the way their wives go on neglecting themselves, they have not sufficient knowledge of how their wives' bodies work to do much about it.

After all, most wives know more about health matters than their husbands, so a man can easily get out of his depth when he starts pointing out the harm his wife's way of life may be causing.

To keep your wife healthy you have to know something about her, how her body works and what is needed to keep it in running order.

It is true that some men want to keep their wives in working order to avoid an ailing wife on their hands.

They expect to be served by their wives in sickness and in health; that is, whether the wife is in sickness or in health!

But this is quite wrong.

If a wife goes to bed ill it is up to her husband to look after her just as she would look after him if he were sick.

Unfortunately for married happiness, many wives will not let their husbands do this—they do not think it is a man's job.

Well it may not be a man's job, but it is a husband's job.

I ask you to consider seriously your wife's mental health. Although few people die of psychological troubles, a great deal of ill health in Western countries, especially

among women, is due to "anxiety neurosis," by which I mean a nervous illness brought on by a constant state of anxiety.

The impact on married life of this type of illness among women is far greater today than that produced by many much more serious illnesses.

But quite apart from the disruption of life, the sheer misery which many women suffer because of these troubles deserves earnest consideration by all husbands.

In spite of their apparent self-sufficiency, women need a great deal of psychological support.

What is more, these emotional props are very easily knocked out from under them by such things as the illness or loss of a parent, or the departure of a child from the family home.

Some women feel that the bottom has fallen out of their lives because a teenage daughter no longer seems to need them and may even reject their attempts at mothering.

One of the commonest causes for a woman to lose her grip or develop an "anxiety neurosis" is the weakening of her relationship with her husband.

Continued on page 31

## She may like to be THE FAMILY DOORMAT (but don't let her)

● The greatest joy of some women is to be the family doormat. They like to be walked on but, like doormats, they bristle.

If your wife is a family doormat you should do something about it. And I don't mean you should wipe your feet on her!

If your children are old enough to complain that their things are always tidied away, that they cannot find this book or toy which they had yesterday, they are also old enough to put their things away when they have finished with them.

If they are old enough to demand that she take them here, there, and everywhere in the car, they are probably old enough to go under their own steam on their bicycles.

And this is very important: The car can be serviced or repaired.

You can earn more money to buy another car in a year or two, but you cannot earn more money to provide your children with another mother when this one is worn out.

Women start becoming the doormat of their children when the children are in the cradle or even sooner.

The mother who lifts the child every time it cries or the mother who rocks

the cradle is secretly longing for the child to learn to walk on her.

The mother who can never leave her child in someone else's care, who will never let her husband change and bath the baby, the "mummy will never leave you" type, is already telling her child that she is lying there waiting for him to wipe his feet on her.

She is really teaching that child that she will always be there to be his slave.

She is asking for trouble. In time, her health will have to pay the price.

### "Trampled"

The more the doormat wife is walked on the more she bristles! It is a strange, complex situation.

Some women are determined to be trampled underfoot by their husbands and families but at the same time they rise up against it with bitter resentment.

This is bad for their peace of mind and for the whole family.

As master of the house you should see that the mistress of the house is, in fact, the mistress, not the maidservant.

Make your children stand on their own feet and your wife sit down and put hers up.

Train her to let the children fetch and carry for her.

In other words, see that the doormat is just not there sometimes.

Your wife, I'm sure, wants to be a loving mother-figure for the children.

But a doormat is neither loving nor comfortable.

It would be far better for her to be the pillow to soften the blows of the world for her husband and children, who come and confide in her.

Admittedly one of the difficulties about mollifying wives is that they continue to make the same old complaints when they are no longer applicable.

When you are calm and patient they continue to say you are always in such a temper, and I admit that there is nothing more calculated to make you cross than to be told that you are always cross.

But don't be put out.

Make a great effort and try to be a doormat yourself.

Men carry much more real worry than their wives and so they should, because they are able to.

Major worries can make less impact on the average man than the less important worries of their wives.



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Continued from page 29

This may be a real deterioration in his affection, but it may be imagined. It may merely be that she needs constant reassurance which her husband is unwilling to give.

To some women the frustration of husbands who take no notice of them is enough to cause a psychological illness which may take a physical form.

Although the symptoms are physical they may not be caused by physical disease. They are possibly what doctors call "functional symptoms"—disorders of the function of some organ without any underlying disease of the organ itself.

These functional symptoms may take some form of some minor chronic complaint, but perhaps of something which appears to be more serious.

No treatment appears to relieve them because they are like a cry for help, an appeal for attention, from the unconscious mind.

I do not want to give the impression that there is any element of feigning illness in this type of psychological trouble. The symptoms are not imaginary.

It is more that the unconscious mind exaggerates symptoms which the patient is genuinely suffering.

The symptoms may take the form of nervous dyspepsia, dizziness, general weakness, pain in the chest, headaches, fainting attacks, palpitations or shortness of breath, for many and varied are the symptoms that can result from emotional frustration.

In many cases it is extremely difficult to ferret out this underlying cause for these symptoms, so there is no sure cure.

However, in some cases at least, a husband can help to remedy the situation by paying more attention to his wife both as a person and as a wife.

## Narrow life

He can take a greater interest in her job as a housewife.

He can sympathise with her troubles and show his concern for her often narrow and overloaded life.

It may be that the answer lies in doing things with her or taking her out more.

True contentment—the gift of peace in the heart—is very rare in women because life has never turned out to be just what they expected.

This means that instead of peace they have a vague nostalgia in their hearts, yearning always for the might-have-been.

This is inevitable because most of them are sentimental emotionalists, not practical realists.

However, a gift which a husband can give his wife is peace in the home.

This does not necessarily mean freedom from worry about money. Only the very poor have that!

But it does mean freedom from doubt about things.

Her husband's fidelity and continued love are most important to women approaching middle-age.

It is unthinkable to many men that they should declare their love to a wife whom they have nurtured, supported, and protected for many years. So there is often an impasse, in which the wife wants something said and the husband is damned if he will say it.

Many men think, with considerable justification, that if they show an interest in their wives' problems, listen to what they have to say, and generally share their lives as much as possible, that they are clearly demonstrating their continued love.

Unfortunately women are not good at accepting valid evidence, so that the rotter who keeps protesting to his wife "I love you" while carrying on an affair with another woman is accepted as being a better husband than the ever-faithful but undemonstrative type.

The cheapest way is to tell her every now and then that you love her.

A more costly way, which comes easier to many men, is to bring material offerings of a special kind, like flowers or jewellery, in addition to more practical gifts, of course, at certain fixed seasons, like wedding anniversaries and birthdays.

At these times the little phrase which a man finds so difficult to say can be put in writing.

## BE A MUSCLE MAN—KEEP HER IN TRIM

● One sees middle-aged women with necks that are rigid or arms which cannot be raised above their heads and they don't know it, because they haven't attempted these movements for years.

A WOMAN can do hard physical work yet never move certain parts of her muscles at all.

I agree that women lead more active lives than their business or professional husbands, but do they exercise in a healthy way while doing housework?

Exercise in moderate degree is essential for the health of everyone.

Many men are convinced that they require to go off every weekend to have some form of organised exercise like golf, while their wives stay at home and look after the children.

I am not suggesting that a husband should share all his relaxation with his wife or that he should forgo his regular weekend exercise, but I am stating quite definitely that he should be aware of his

wife's needs and he should encourage her to take exercise.

Few women take the regular, recreational exercise which they require. True, women get enough exercise in housework to keep the heart muscle well toned up, etc., but there are other things to consider.

Joints may become rigid because the full range of movement is not maintained.

The joints should be stretched to their full range of movement daily with, say, swimming, or swimming-like exercises, which give full movement to hip and shoulder.

## Wives aren't that tough

● While it may be true that women are tougher than men, in that they have an inbuilt protection against some of the diseases which kill their husbands, they aren't as tough as many of them pretend.

IF women have a natural protection against one group of diseases, they are all the more likely to suffer from others.

For instance, statistics show that nearly twice as many women die of diabetes as men, while stomach ulcers, which some businessmen regard as being their own private status symbol, cause the death of nearly a thousand women in England and Wales each year.

Leukaemia is as common in women as it is in men, and diseases of the liver, gall-bladder, and pancreas kill four women for every three men who die of them.

From this it emerges quite clearly that as a sex women are not tough enough to neglect their health in the way most of them do.

I do not think that there is any conscious theory behind the life of health neglect which women lead, and I am sure that only in a few cases is it due to an unconscious martyr complex.

It is not only wives and mothers who are guilty of this self-neglect, because in many cases it starts when a girl is young enough to know better.

One trouble in persuading women to look after their health is that their biological urges—their material instinct, their instinct to reproduce the species and their primitive desire to protect, feed, and comfort the male—are so strong that appeals to reason fall on deaf ears.

They have their own set of values which makes it extremely difficult for a mere man to advance any convincing argument to persuade them to look after themselves.

## Diagnosis

Many people associate high blood pressure with men between 40 and 50, but the number of women who die of serious high blood pressure in this age-group is more than half the number of men who do so.

One must add illnesses, some serious, some less so, which are peculiar to women.

These include diseases of the womb, ovaries, and breasts, and all the complications of childbirth.

It is up to the thoughtful husband to learn how to ensure accurate diagnosis in the early curable stage if his wife has the misfortune to suffer any of these troubles.

In addition, of course, there are many non-fatal but very inconvenient conditions which are shared out irrespective of sex, and I am sure any husband worthy of the name would want to try to prevent his wife suffering from any of them if prevention is possible.

But it is only possible in the case of many wives if they are prepared to face

the real facts of life and stop protesting that they are never ill!

If only they would sit down and stop arguing! You see it is a fact that women, tough as they are, are not as tough as they behave.

They may sail serenely on while men fall dead around them from coronary disease, bronchitis, or stomach ulcers, but they are not entirely immune to these or any other conditions, and, in addition, they have their own private set of crippling and even fatal diseases.

Many of these conditions are produced or aggravated by modern woman's inability to practise moderation.

## Wife-with-car

The one thing in life in which modern woman does overindulge is work. Here we are in the midst of the most gadget-minded, labor-saving age, yet many wives are doing more manual work than before.

Some are more or less constantly on their feet from morning to night.

In fact, it seems that the more labor-saving devices there are in the house the more work there is to do.

For instance, the motor-car is the most

labor-saving device in the world, but to the modern housewife it is the most rest-destroying.

Instead of spending an hour with her feet up in the afternoon she dashes out to do some shopping, which in the old days would have been ordered by telephone and delivered by the store.

Any time the modern mother can spare from her life of hard labor she spends in picking up or setting down her own and other people's children all over the countryside.

In the past, their mothers were not so involved in the constant fetching and carrying.

You, as a husband, should go into the question of how many rash promises your wife is having to fulfil each day.

After all, there are such things as buses, and it is good for children to be independent.

On the other hand, you may feel that her driving is at least a well-earned rest from household chores.

Nevertheless, a woman who has had several children needs to have some rest at home with her feet up if she is going to avoid troubles like prolapse and varicose veins at a later date.

But let there be no mistake about it. Some women have to overwork from grim necessity. If they do not do the housework (and sometimes the house is over-large), there is, usually, no one else to do it.

Some people have a large house because they have a large family; others may merely be keeping up with the Joneses.

## Plain silly

But whatever the reason, a big house hangs like a millstone around the neck of the person who has to cope with it—the housewife.

Some women refuse to let their children do an adequate share of the housework.

This is silly. It is a failure to accept modern conditions, which make domestic help hard to get.

An urge to slave for others is a characteristic of the female sex which is not shared by the male. Women with children have no difficulty in fulfilling this urge.

Yet today, in addition to running their own homes, and possibly doing quite a lot of gardening, they work tirelessly for this or that good cause.

Their husbands often complain but never interfere.

If they value their wives, which they usually do, they should teach them only one thing: How to say "No!" when asked, by charity workers who have the time, to add more work to their already great burden.

## MAN AT WORK

● When you help your wife, don't feel too virtuous about it. Remember, you are not the only husband doing it.

HUSBANDS do all sorts of jobs connected with the household chores or looking after the children nowadays.

I have seen them even washing the front door steps and cleaning the door knocker.

Most husbands wash dishes and do many other jobs.

The tradition that all this kind of work is a woman's work was phony anyway, and now it is pretty well dead.

Even if you have purchased every known labor-saving device for your wife, they may save her labor but they will not save her time, so do not expect her to be finished much sooner.

The best labor-saving device for a wife is a willing husband, and a willing husband is a husband who wants to do his best to keep his wife from getting old before her time.

Continued on page 32



## HOW NOT TO KILL YOUR WIFE

Continued from previous page.

A HOUSE is a challenge, like a mountain. A mountain is there, so a man feels he has to climb it. It's the same with a house. It's there, and a woman feels she has to work in it.

But even if she works from morning till night, it will still be there as a challenge to do more housework. As long as a woman stays in her house, she will find work to do.

### ● There are two important troubles about being a housewife. One is the house and the other is the wife.

Sometimes I wonder if it is not easier to persuade a housewife to go out than it is to persuade her to sit down.

Maybe she finds it much easier to go out than to sit down at home.

The trouble is, though, that if a woman goes out she may go out for a shopping expedition or for recreation, but seldom to sit down. What is needed is a woman's

"sitting down club," a club where housewives can go to do the one thing they can never do at home—SIT DOWN.

Many women have clubs, but when they go to them they are dressed for town. They wear smart shoes and tight town clothes.

In women's clubs there is nothing like the smoking-room of a man's club, with deep leather armchairs,

footstools, and newspapers with which to cover your face when you are thinking, and where no one minds if you snore when deep in thought.

What is wanted is a women's club full of *chaises-longues* where a woman can kick off her town shoes and put on some old bedroom slippers, and where she can loosen her girdle and relax.

To my mind that is the best way she can spend her time away from home.

If your wife stays at home all day, she will find work to do all day. If she goes out, the house will still be there when she gets back.

She might protest that the work will still be there when she gets back, but the thing about housework is that it is always there, whether you have done it or not.

You must try to convince your wife that the housework is only what she makes it.

The fact that she is in the house, rushing round cleaning here and cleaning there, only makes more housework.

It may be difficult to convince your wife that housework makes itself, but I am sure that your wife, like every other housewife, knows perfectly well the more she does the more she will find to do.

You may be on your feet for part of the day, but you are probably sitting in a motorcar or in your office most of the time. Not so your wife.

She stays home on her feet all day.

She may just take a token ten minutes with her feet up after lunch, but never long enough to do her much good.

Some wives, who conscientiously take a proper rest every afternoon, may spend half an hour every day actually lying down after lunch.

This is all to the good, but what the housewife really needs is to spend the best part of the afternoon sitting down.

### Hollow laugh

I can hear your wife's hollow laugh as I write these words, and I can guess what she is going to say: "My dear man, surely you know that there are jobs that I must do in the afternoon!"

Maybe there are, but I see no reason why she should not concentrate on jobs which she can do sitting down.

Let your wife reserve the mornings for standing up jobs while the afternoon should be set aside for sitting down, even if she does have to keep busy while she does it.

I realise that the trouble is that so many jobs about the house have to be done standing up. At least, so women always say, but do they all need to be done standing up?

If it comes to that, do they all need to be done?

Persuade your wife to try this simple experiment: On one day in one particular week get her to promise to do no housework apart from washing-up, cooking, and making beds.

When you come home in the evening, you must see if you know which day it is.

Don't say anything at the time, but at the end of the week give her a little piece of paper on which is marked the mystic word Monday, or Friday, as the case may be. If you are wrong, you should be able to convince your wife that every part of the house does not need to be cleaned every day.

This experiment will prove not only that part of the house can be cleaned one day and another part the next but also that there will not be more work the next day as the part which was left out.

Even if it does need a little extra, on balance there will be a considerable saving of housework in the course of a week.



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The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY presents eight pages on . . .

February 17, 1965

# BONSAI

盆栽



*The Japanese art  
of training trees  
in miniature is  
at last coming of  
age in Australia*



# PATIENCE AND A FEELING FOR BEAUTY BRING THEIR ENDURING REWARDS

By  
**STIRLING  
MACOBOY**

● "Bonsai" is the pronunciation of the two Japanese characters you see on these pages. It simply means "planted in a container." And in recent years the term has become the key to a new pleasure for plant enthusiasts all over the Western world.

**THEY** have discovered what Chinese and Japanese tree lovers have known for centuries: that there is a way to dwarf and train giant forest trees so that they grow gracefully and in perfect health, but never exceed a few inches in height.

Bonsai is a slow and painstaking hobby, as is the creation of all true art. Make no mistake, Bonsai trees owe as much to human perception and artistry as they do to nature. Nobody who has ever seen a tiny 10in. tree flowering and even bearing fruit on its miniature branches can fail to be entranced.

Keeping a living plant alive in a constricted container is only the most elementary introduction to the art. To create real Bonsai you prune and coax and train the tree into a beautiful but still natural shape.

Nature's own lead is followed so that the plant's most obvious features are refined and pinpointed as if they were seen from afar through the glass of artistic perception. Shape and color of containers, texture of ground-covers and associated plants, and choice of background all play a part. But the main aim is to enhance the tree's natural beauty without the distraction of other features.

Though trees were twisted into grotesque and unnatural shapes in olden times, that taste has gone right out of fashion. The only exceptions would be when a plant has already assumed some bizarre shape because of harsh conditions.

At the outset, it is just as well to get several facts in their right perspective.

1. Bonsai must be grown in containers to control the dwarfing process — planted in the open ground they will quickly assume natural size.

2. Bonsai are not house-plants — though they can be brought inside occasionally as decorations, for brief periods only. A prolonged stay inside would kill them, for they must have natural sun, rain, and air.

3. Bonsai have about as much in common with ordinary pot-plants as, say, landscape gardens have with the backyard vegetable patch. The achieved effect is the result of artistic perception, not an accident.

4. Bonsai are not delicate, but amazingly hardy when properly planted. Many famous Japanese specimens have survived for hundreds of years with a minimum of training after their initial establishment.

With regard to the last point, not all of the things you will read in overseas books about training Bonsai are true in Australia. Climatic conditions are very different here. While Japan is as hot as coastal areas of Australia in summer, it is also more humid; nor do we have to worry about the literally freezing winter weather which plagues Bonsai enthusiasts in the northern hemisphere.

Drying out is more of a problem to us than to the Japanese, and larger containers must often be resorted to. Also, our relatively balmy year-round climate causes plants to grow faster.

From personal experience I have found that any keen gardener, with a deal of common sense and an eye for the beautiful, can raise and train Bonsai trees.

There are several new techniques to be mastered, notably root-pruning and wiring; but apart from these there is very little variation from standard procedure in the watering, trimming, manuring, and soil-conditioning.

One worthwhile caution is that Bonsai are subject to the same diseases and attract the

same pests as ordinary garden plants.

## WHERE DO YOU GROW BONSAI?

Outdoors, in containers. They can be raised on a table to place them at good viewing or working height, or kept on a paved area. They should not be placed on the bare soil, as this would encourage roots to grow out of the pot to seek extra food and moisture.

They should be open to rain and a certain amount of sun, but need protection from strong wind and really heavy deluges.



I have placed mine on a series of stone shelves under the shelter of a jacaranda tree. This has bare branches in spring, but gives protection with its fine leaves from early summer to midwinter. Low winter sun comes under the branches, high summer sun is cut off except in the early morning.

However, a great advantage with Bonsai is that they are relatively portable and can be moved to a position which suits them at different times of the year. Cold-climate plants might well be moved to the south side of your home in summer. Tropical plants could be taken into a greenhouse or sunroom in the winter.

## WHAT TYPE OF TREES CAN YOU GROW AS BONSAI?

Almost anything so long as the leaves are naturally on the small side.

While leaves will become a little smaller after some years' training, they still need to be in proportion to the plant. For instance, a 1ft. plane tree with 4in. leaves could never look like a mature tree.

It is true that flowers and fruits on Bonsai tend to be much the same size as on their

giant counterparts, but they can always be thinned judiciously, and are not on the tree all the time.

Most books on Bonsai published in Japan deal with all the delicate Japanese conifers and maples that gardeners know so well, but many sub-tropical plants, unknown in Japan, can be just as effective.

One of the world's great Bonsai experts, Yuji Yoshimura, who visited Australia some years ago, pronounced Australian shrubs and trees as ideal Bonsai material. He has said he looks forward to the day when Australians will cease copying the Japanese masters and raise instead "Australian-looking" Bonsai, using our own plants in natural Australian-type settings.

Since that time, experience has shown that many of our wildlings do lend themselves to a graceful, though dwarfed, form.

The principal exception seems to be our ever-present eucalyptus gums. In their natural shapes they would make ideal Bonsai, but in practice they resent any interference with their roots and do not take well to wiring. I have yet to see a presentable Bonsai gum, but have not yet given up hope.

## WHAT SIZE CAN A BONSAI BE?

There is no fixed rule about this. There are baby Bonsai an inch or two high grown in containers not much bigger than a thimble — and there are others 6ft. or more in height grown in very large, unwieldy containers.

Japanese practice is to use four basic sizes: (a) Miniature — under 2in. in height. (b) Small — from 2in. to 6in. (c) Medium — from 6in. to 12in. (d) Large — from 12in. to 24in.

Miniature and small sizes require a lot of care in hot weather. Medium and large sizes are more practical and give a real opportunity to create an acceptable work of art.

## HOW DOES ONE START?

The best beginning might be a study of trees and how they grow in natural conditions — the shapes they assume when buffeted by years of wind, or when forced to grow in unfavorable, rocky conditions.

Cultivate an appreciation of the shapes and textures of trunks, the angles and forms of

branches, for these things are more permanent features than the leaves and flowers.

Then, when you have formed a good mental picture of just how trees look and grow (for it's amazing how often we fail to notice just what beauty does lie around us), try to go to see a few Bonsai created by other people.

This may not be so easy, for good collections are few and far between in Australia — but they do exist, and there are exhibitions held occasionally in most of the capital cities.

Check the classified telephone pages under the heading of Nurserymen, and look through the advertisements on the gardening page of your daily paper.

As soon as you have seen a few live Bonsai you'll want to train your own. You'd best buy a reliable book on the subject which pictures plenty of examples you can compare with nature.

The best written on the subject in English are probably "Bonsai," by Nori Kobayashi (published by the Japan Tourist Association); "The Japanese Art of Miniature Trees, and Landscapes," by Yuji Yoshimura and Christina Halford; and "The Art of Training Plants," by Ernesta Drinker Ballard. The Yoshimura book is expensive, but amazingly comprehensive.

## SELECTING A PLANT

You will find that, according to variety, Bonsai in Japan are raised from seed, layers, cuttings, and graftings. All of these techniques are within reach of the enthusiastic gardener, but are very slow.

They are also trained from naturally interesting plants taken from their native countryside. This is a very difficult process, particularly with Australian natives, and best left till you have more experience.

A quick short-cut is to look around plant nurseries, particularly in the back rows, for small trees or shrubs which have been cramped into containers that are too small for them. Many of these older plants have already begun to assume an interesting shape — a thickened trunk or a gnarled branch or two.

They will make ideal material for they are already used to growing in constricted conditions and will welcome the transplanting operation.

Look especially for plants which have begun to develop a horizontal shape, or those which have double or triple trunks. They are particularly valued, for they can be trained to resemble a small clump of trees in a forest.

Azaleas are the easiest to train, for they grow well in cramped conditions, but it is

COVER PICTURE of a grafted Japanese maple, a lovely named species, "Seigen," noted for its delicate pink-edged leaves in spring and bright red twigs in winter. Originally quite tall, it has been trained in a sinuous style which the Japanese list as "poetic." No attempt at realism here — merely a graceful pattern of leaves and branches for decorative effect. The tall glazed pot harmonises well and the surface is covered with large white pebbles and moss to suggest a cool river-bank. This and other Bonsai trees in this section were trained by Mr. Macoboy at his home in Sydney. He also took the photographs, except for the cover picture, which was taken by staff photographer Bruce Cullen.



## New splendor for a long-forgotten camellia



• This autumn-flowering *Camellia sasanqua* was discovered last spring at the back of a nursery where it had lain neglected for many years. It was completely root-bound in a kerosene tin (here cut away), but to judge by the thickness of its trunk (1½ inches) and the number of twigs and branches, it was at least 15 years old. The tree had become unnaturally dwarfed because of the stunting of the roots. Having small leaves, it appeared an ideal Bonsai subject—though about 2½ ft. high and very lopsided. It had never been known to flower.



• After it had been decided that the side revealing most of the smooth grey trunk would be the front, pruning began—aiming toward a formal, rather spreading shape. Branches which had grown across each other and across the trunk were removed as close to their bases as possible. The plant was shortened by almost 50 per cent. and at least one-third of its bulk cut away, as the pile of pruned-off twigs will show. When there was any doubt, a branch was retained rather than cut, for the plant would take a long time to grow another.



• Now it was time to root-prune. The plant was thoroughly soaked and, in a shady position, soil was hosed away from the root mass, which was gradually untangled with a table-fork. As work progressed no fewer than three old tin containers were revealed, one inside the other. Most of the tap-root was pruned off to make the root mass shallower. The root curving around the trunk (centre picture) was removed, as it might in time strangle the plant. But care was taken to keep as many fine white surface roots as possible.



• Here is the same camellia potted up in an attractive Japanese dish on three small legs (12 in. wide, 4 in. deep). The old soil junction is about 3 in. above the rim of the pot, so soil is landscaped around it, using old weather-beaten stones as retainers. The soil was planted with Kurama moss, Baby's Tears, *Campanula muralis*, and other small-rooted plants, and a space was left around the edge of the container to hold excess water and direct it to the bulk of the roots which are below rim level. The tree is obviously healthy.





**PINES.**—Many pines are suitable for Bonsai, especially small-needled types. Here is a seven-year-old seedling of *Pinus maritima gallica*. Pines like plenty of sand in their soil, and wires may need to be left on a full year until branches harden. After potting it is wise to water and place the entire plant in a large polythene bag for a week or two to prevent drying out. Do not cut back the needles of pines; instead, pinch out only the centre of the new growth in spring to encourage branching.



**ATLANTIC CEDAR.**—The Atlantic or Atlas cedar (*Cedrus atlantica*) is one of the easiest conifers to train, as it can be wired and holds its shape after a short time. Here it is trained in a vertical style in an oval terracotta dish to appear as it might on a windy hill-top. Cedars are prone to attack by tiny red spiders, which cause twigs to die back, but they can be controlled by spraying. This tree is five years old and 15in. tall. Don't disregard shape, color, and texture of containers.



**RED BOTTLEBRUSH** (*Callistemon*) was bought as a nursery seedling seven years ago. Raised in a glazed pot in a mixture of bush sand, gravel, and charcoal, it has been kept at its original height of about 16in. and is surrounded by a planting of the tiny native orchid *Dendrobium kingianum*, which flowers profusely. As our native plants hate disturbance, the bottlebrush is never fully root-pruned. Half an inch of the outside soil has twice been sliced away to allow root expansion.

Page 4—BONSAI



**PERESKIA** makes an unusual and hardy Bonsai for hot climates. Though having trunk and leaves like a tree, it is actually a cactus—it loves hot, dry conditions, and wilts only when kept inside. It is very easy to train, little wiring being required. Branches can merely be bent and lightly cracked between the fingers until they stay put—but beware of the sharp spines. This ten-year-old specimen is 10in. high and planted in a textured German dish. Cuttings root almost immediately in damp sand.

The Australian Women's Weekly—February 17, 1965





**CUTLEAF MAPLE.** — Many maple species make charming Bonsai, including the delightful cutleaf (*Acer palmatum dissectum*). This grafted specimen is at least seven years old, and was originally trained to a horizontal shape. So little of the trunk was revealed, however, that it was recently replanted tilting the other way, and one branch was trained upward to give height and allow more of the beautiful leaves to be seen. The Japanese pot used here is planted with native club moss.



**BAMBOO.**—Many dwarf varieties of bamboo take well to Bonsai treatment, although in this case it involves thinning out the trunks rather than pruning them back. This encourages fresh shoots to sprout. Bamboo needs plenty of water and does best in a rich soil mixture. The Japanese consider bamboo or reeds to be a suitable cooling Bonsai for summer decoration. This one has been potted four years, is 14in. tall. Its many-branched pattern is repeated by the 18th century Tibetan goddess.



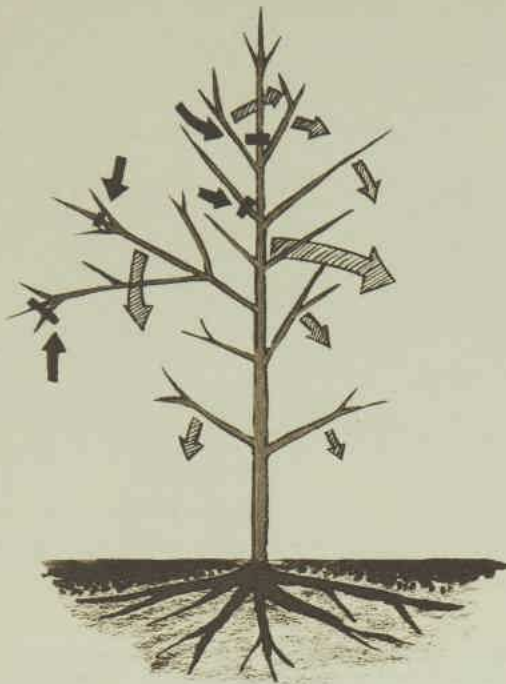
**ENGLISH OAK** (*Quercus robur*).—Little acorns do not always grow into mighty oaks, as witness this attractive green Bonsai. Its age is unknown, but probably about ten years to judge by its 4ft. branches when it was found root-bound in a nursery tin. It did not take well to pruning, since after the potting-up all its branches died back to the original trunk. Fortunately, it has now recovered, with leafy new branches sprouting all around. It is planted in a 10in. terracotta dish.



**JAPANESE MOUNTAIN MAPLE** (*Acer palmatum*) is one of the easiest trees to train as a Bonsai, and can be grown from seed. This 10-year-old specimen is 18in. high—but was 4ft. high before pruning and wiring started. Planted in a shallow rectangular pot, it colors beautifully each autumn, provided leaves have escaped summer scorching. The leaves of the mountain maple are normally apple-green, a color that makes it a refreshing interior decoration on hot summer days.



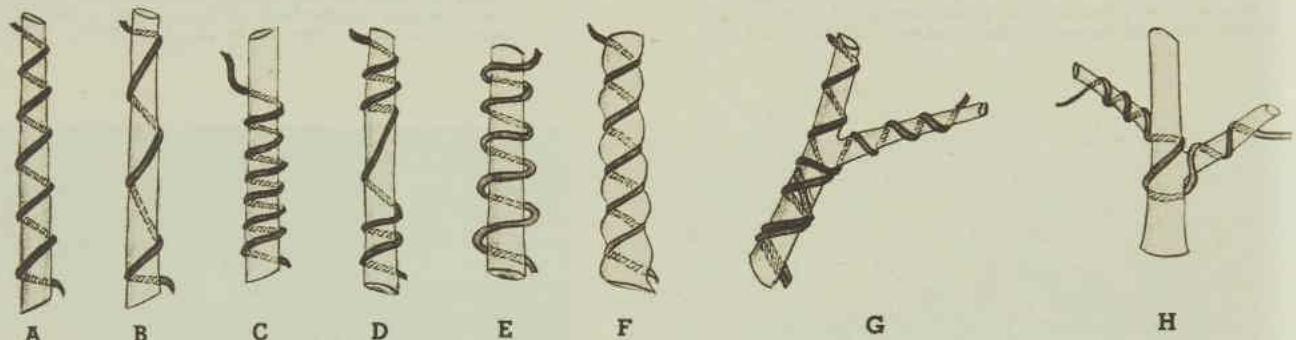
## HOW TO HELP A SEEDLING MIMIC AN OLD TREE



AT LEFT: Three-year-old Japanese maple seedling in normal form. The black arrows indicate the suggested pruning to regularise the proportions, and the shaded arrows suggest the directions to which the remaining branches should be trained for an interesting and mature-looking shape.



AT RIGHT: The same seedling maple after wiring and trimming. The seedling has been replanted at an angle to reveal interesting root formation. Wiring of the branches to a downward angle has an ageing effect and also serves to shorten the branches. The diagram has been simplified in two dimensions — there would also be other branches at the back for balance.



### WIRING METHODS

For single trunks and branches—A: Correct wiring method; firm and evenly spaced. B: Too widely spaced; insufficient support. C: Too closely spaced; unsightly. D: Uneven spacing. E: Too loosely coiled; no support. F: Too tight; growing branches swell and become irreparably scarred.

For branches and forks — G: Method of wiring branch or single-forked trunk; wire always in the same direction. H: Wiring method for double branch; wire must be close to base of branches.

From page 2

### CHOOSING A CONTAINER

hard to find one with a single developed trunk, for they are much given to suckering.

Maples are probably the next easiest, and quite cheap, as are pine seedlings. Or you might like to try cumquats, Australian silky oaks or sheoaks, or even a holly if you live in a district where they color well.

Try to avoid choosing a plant that has an unsightly grafted trunk. If it is bad in appearance to start with, it is unlikely that time will bring about any improvement.

Any plant can be trained in its own nursery container before transplanting to a more suitable and permanent pot. Later, you'll want to do this. But for the moment we'll assume you've found a plant with a shape that interests you from the start, and want to plant it in a pot as soon as possible.

A great variety of special Bonsai pots can now be found at many large nurseries and department stores throughout the country. The Chinese stores often stock them as well.

Some are from Formosa, some from Hong Kong, some from Japan, others from West Germany and Australia. It must be confessed that those from the Japanese Shigaraki pottery are frequently of the best design, and they have been manufacturing them for centuries.

Bonsai pots are generally in dull colors, such as deep red, liver, brown, and grey, because the Japanese rightly believe that nothing should detract from the plant itself.

White and yellow are sometimes used for plants that color in the autumn, and blues for plants that have pink or white flowers in spring.

The containers can be shallow or deep, square, round, or

hexagonal. They will be unglazed inside and will have one or more large drainage holes.

These are best covered with a small grille to prevent insects entering and to stop the precious soil draining out. I use plastic cupboard - ventilating discs, which cost only a few pence, or, for larger pots, aluminium sink strainers.

As a general rule, a tree of formal shape will be placed two-thirds of the distance along an oval or rectangular pot, or in the centre of a round container. Weeping or wind-swept plants are seen to best advantage in tall containers.

Plants trained to grow on a rock are displayed in very wide shallow containers without drainage holes. These are often filled with water or sand to give the impression of a tree growing on a small rocky island.

The Japanese consider that the ideal container should be from one-fifth to one-seventh of the total bulk of the plant it

is to house, and when you remember that the bulk of a plant's roots balance the bulk of its branches almost exactly, you get an idea of how much root must be pruned away.

You must decide at the outset just what you want to do with the plant you have obtained — whether you want to reduce its size or encourage it to grow further. Remember, that an overlarge pot will encourage growth which you may not want.

The price of the container may help you decide. Small ones—say 6in. across—may cost about 12/- to 18/-. Larger ones, up to 2ft., could be several guineas or more.

### PREPARATIONS FOR PLANTING

I mentioned above that the bulk of a plant's roots corresponds to the bulk of its branches. As you are about to prune away a large quantity of the former, you would be

wise to minimise the transplanting shock by getting rid of any really useless top-hammer of twigs and leaves.

Extreme care must, of course, be exercised, because it is very difficult to replace a branch once it has been cut away. (Though this can be done by grafting.)

You must decide which side the plant will be viewed from, and plan round this, to show as much of the trunk as possible from the front. This may give you an opportunity for pruning.

Remember, too, that like a Japanese flower arrangement, the Bonsai will have a basically triangular shape or effect, corresponding to the three points of Heaven, Earth, and Man. This is not essential but customary, and may help as a pruning guide.

When the pre-pruning has been done, you can start to plant in earnest. This will be done only in late winter or



early spring for deciduous trees, when they're dormant, or in autumn or early spring for evergreens.

Choose a sheltered place to work, out of sun and wind. Soak the plant thoroughly in its nursery container. Tap it out, or if it's in a tin cut this away with tin-snips.

This will reveal most of the root structure. Now, begin to peck away the soil with a pointed stick or small fork, gradually reducing the bulk.

If the plant is really root-bound, it may be necessary to use a garden hose and wash all the soil away so you can make out the growth of the roots.

With a sharp knife or secateurs cut away any old roots as you go. These are dark-colored and do the plant little good. This root pruning will include some of the main roots—even the tap root, for the idea is to encourage the growth of new fibrous roots near the surface, where they easily absorb food.

It is possible to cut away from half to three-quarters of the plant's root mass without permanent damage, but do work slowly, spraying the roots to keep them damp.

Cut away roots that cross or are twisted, working to a shape which corresponds with the chosen container, and remembering that the soil line will be well above the lip of the container.

When the root pruning is complete, leaving as many young, white surface roots as possible, cover the root mass with a damp bag to prevent it from drying out.

Now begin to fill the pot. First some sharp pebbles for drainage, then a layer of finer gravel mixed with crushed charcoal to keep the soil sweet. This layer might be from one-quarter to half an inch deep.

With a medium-fine sieve (a kitchen type is fine) sieve some coarse granular reddish under-soil. (You may have to dig deep in the garden for this, and you'll get better quality from a nearby excavation or a weekend trip to the hills.)

Now this is where the Bonsai treatment is different—the soil you throw away is the fine powdery material which goes through the sieve. This would only go hard with watering.

Mix the coarse sieved soil with a little sharp sand (this encourages root development), some fine leaf-mould or well-decayed tanbark, and a small portion of standard packaged potting mix.

Use more sand for conifers, more leaf-mould for deciduous trees, more nutrient and even fertiliser for fruiting and flowering trees.

## THE PLANTING

The tree can now be placed in position on top of the under-soil and in the container, exposed trunk to the front, and

any interesting roots exposed in the manner of a mature tree.

The plant will probably need bracing at first, so thread a piece of fine bamboo through the roots and jam it against either side of the container. Spread the root mass out and proceed to fill the pot, layer by layer, poking each lot of soil gently among the roots with a sharp stick.

The soil should gradually get finer. Japanese experts use as many as ten layers.

When you've nearly reached the top—about a quarter of an inch below the rim of the container at the edges, to hold water, and sloping up to the trunk in the centre—give the plant a good soaking with the finest of sprays.

This soaking can continue until the edge rim has filled and drained away about five times.

Top up the surface with a thin layer of good-quality sterile garden soil, and finally sprinkle it all over with finely powdered, dried moss. This will soon sprout and cover the entire surface of the soil with a delicate green layer which will prevent erosion and conserve precious moisture.

The Japanese say, "Healthy moss, healthy tree," and its



greenness will give you an indication when the plant needs water.

(Gather your own moss, dry it, and crumble it. The powder is full of spores.)

Until the roots become firmly established in their new home the Bonsai will probably need additional support against wind. This is best done by running a fine wire from a branch on one side, down under the container, and up the other side to another strong branch.

The newly planted tree can now be placed outside in a cool, shaded position for several weeks to allow the roots to grow and begin supporting the plant. Daily sprayings, several times a day if possible, will help this establishment—but do not let the container become too sodden or rot could develop in the cut root ends.

## TRAINING TO SHAPE

When the plant is established and growing, training and shaping can begin in earnest.

### TREES you might like to try for Bonsai:

*Andromeda, azalea, bamboo, barberry, beech, bottle-brush, box, Camellia sasanqua, camphor-laurel, cedar, cherry, cotoneaster, crabapple, cypress, daphne, deutzia, dogwood, elm, ficus, gardenia, ginkgo, hawthorn, hibiscus, holly, jasmine, juniper, cumquat, lagerstroemia, lilac, magnolia, maple, nandina, oak, pepper, persimmon, pine, rhus, rose, spruce, tamarisk, willow, wisteria, yew.*

But be careful with deciduous trees—their branches can be very brittle in the dormant period. You could be wise to wait until the sap is running.

Evergreens are usually trained in late spring after the new growth is complete.

Branches are trained to the desired position and shaped by several methods: (a) wiring; (b) hanging weights; (c) bracing; (d) tying down to the container. Wiring is the most usual.

You will need copper wire in various thicknesses.

Begin with the trunk. You will not wish unsightly wire marks to mar its appearance, so first wrap the trunk in raffia to protect the young bark.

Take a heavy grade of copper wire, cut to about two and a half times the height of the trunk. Dig one end deep in beside the trunk and begin to coil it (not too tightly) around the trunk, beginning at the bottom, with equal spacing.

When you've reached the top you will find that the wire can be bent gently between thumb and forefinger to the desired angle, taking the trunk with it.

Then proceed with the largest branches in the same manner, using a lighter grade of wire progressively, finishing with the smallest twigs. Bend and train completely to the desired shape, making sure that the wire of any branch continues for several inches down its supporting trunk or larger branch.

It is customary to reveal as much trunk as possible at the front for almost the full height of the tree. The Japanese greatly admire the weather-beaten appearance of tree trunks, which, of course, are visible all year, even when the leaves come and go.

Branches should be trained so that they are clear of one another looking from above; this so each gets its own share of sun and rain. (Trees feed through their leaves as well as their roots, and as the Bonsai has relatively few of either, it must be encouraged to make maximum use of them.)

The lower two branches are usually trained slightly forward, and the third branch toward the rear of the container to balance those at left or right. The fourth branch will be slightly more toward the front and so on, to the top.

It is worth noting that most older trees have the branches sloping slightly downwards, under the weight of leaves, and this is an ageing effect you might like to try to achieve.

The wires may be left in place from two months to a year, depending on speed of growth of the tree. If wires are biting into expanding branches loosen the coils immediately.

There are many training styles, each one suitable to certain types of tree.

They include "formal upright" (like a pine tree) — "semi-formal" (upright, but with a more casual arrangement of branches), "slanting" (like a tree on a hillside), "cascade" (like a tree weeping over a cliff face), "coiled" (the trunk looped around itself to reduce height), "driftwood" (where section of the trunk is peeled to reduce growth and

## Willow-pattern tree



THE DELICATE *Cryptomeria japonica* is the tree of the Willow Pattern plate design. In miniature form it makes an elegant Bonsai—this one is 12in. tall in a fin. grey glazed pot. Grown from a cutting, it is ten years old and has all the charm of a full-size tree. Easy to wire and prune, it bears tiny clusters of fin. cones each year.

give the appearance of aged wood), "root over rock" (where the tree is planted in a natural rock crevice, with the roots trained down into the container), "clump" (where several thin seedlings are planted together so that in time they grow into the appearance of one aged tree).

## PRUNING THE BONSAI

When the Bonsai is thoroughly established and the wiring removed, there is still work to be done year after year.

New leaf growths must be pinched back to the first pair of leaves—this will encourage branching, and remember you can only achieve the effect of a mature tree if there are many fine branches.

New shoots may need some fine wiring as they develop. Fruit and flowers may need to be thinned out to preserve a realistic miniature appearance.

## REPOTTING

Deciduous Bonsai will need to be repotted every two or three years, and conifers every five. At this time the outer inch or two of roots will be pruned away to give new ones a chance to develop.

The main exceptions would be weeping willows (a most attractive Bonsai), which grow so rampantly that they need two root-prunings and planting a year, one in winter and another in early summer. Otherwise the roots would strangle themselves and break the container.

## WATERING AND FEEDING

Young Bonsai should be sprayed daily with the finest mist of water—this includes the leaves as well as the container.

In hot weather the spraying should take place twice a day or whenever the plant shows sign of distress.

When you water Bonsai, the coarse open soil allows the water to penetrate rapidly and force out stale air around the roots. The water drains swiftly away and fresh air is sucked in.

This cycle, prolonged indefinitely, keeps the plants alive while encouraging them not to increase in size. Rather like an extremely low-calorie diet, in fact!

An occasional feeding (say once a month) with a light, water-soluble plant food at half normal strength is beneficial. The principal exceptions to it are fruiting and flowering trees, which will need several light applications of manure while the blossoms are developing.

Wisterias are ideal Bonsai, but need special treatment. After flowering, they should be unpotted and planted out in the garden and allowed to develop naturally. Dig them up in mid-winter and prune the roots severely, repotting in a very rich mixture containing lots of old manure. Keep them well watered and they will flower again.

If they develop too many flowers it may be necessary to stand the entire pot in a tray of water, as they require more moisture than normal feeding would allow. This will prevent excessive flower-drop.

Try this delightful hobby and you'll never regret it. But be prepared to give your plants a minute or two of your time every day. One day without water in the summer months and you may lose your precious Bonsai for ever.





**WISTERIA.**—One of the most spectacular Bonsai is the Chinese wisteria, though tricky to flower on a regular basis. This 20-year-old division from a mature plant puts on a grand display when it is planted out in late summer and allowed to develop a large root system. It is dug up in midwinter, the roots trimmed severely, and then repotted in a rich mixture of loam, leafmould, and old cow manure. In this soil and kept well watered, it bursts into flower earlier than the garden specimens.



**FIR ON A ROCK.**—This delightful 9in. Bonsai is in the style known as "Isbi-tsuki," or root-over-rock. A dwarf fir tree was allowed to grow naturally until the roots were about 10in. long. It was then planted on an interesting rock and the roots trained over and under. The roots were covered with a mixture of mud and peat-moss, and the rock bound with raffia to keep all firm, then placed in a dish of good sandy soil and roots gradually exposed. The container has no drainage holes.



**HAWTHORN "FOREST".**—This grouping of five hawthorn seedlings in a lily-shaped Chinese terracotta dish suggests all the charm and delicacy of a leafy forest glade. Though they are only five years old, careful wiring has given the trees a certain maturity. All five are planted on a moss-covered knoll with their roots intertwined for support, and make a perfect composition from every angle. The small figurine of a resting bronze deer adds scale to the composition, which is under 18in.



**ARDISIA.**—For winter cheer pot up a tiny *Ardisia japonica* to bring inside for berries all through the cold weather. This one is planted with natural red rocks in a deep dish. It thrives inside and is an easy Bonsai for the beginner. *Ardisia* is inclined to grow leggy and will have to be discarded after a year or two. Though often used as a Bonsai, it is not really a tree but a small shrub, used in Japan almost like a perennial flower. Other varieties of the plant have green or white berries.



# "SIT DOWN!"

(and make your wife obey)

If your wife agrees to adopt this policy of not doing all the rooms every day, admittedly they will have to be done tomorrow, but at least she will have saved doing them today.

Tell her that a woman may be as old as she looks, but there is no reason why she should want to make herself look as old as she is, and she certainly will if she feels tired all the time.

A man, they say, is as old as he feels, but a woman who feels old will look old and a sure way to feel old is to go about being chronically tired.

Being tired is not a disease, but how many women apply the obvious cure — to rest adequately?

"How can I help looking tired?" your wife may say "when I have all this work to do?"

She can help looking tired by not getting tired.

## "Too much"

If your wife looks tired all the time, there is something wrong with the way her life is organised.

It is obvious that if she feels continually tired she is doing too much, and how she can stop doing too much is a problem which, between the two of you, should not be difficult to solve.

How much of the housework which your wife does is absolutely necessary?

As a housewife, your wife will not be able to answer that question accurately. Her answer would probably be "It is all necessary."

But as a businessman you may be able to apply your mind to this problem as a time-and-motion study.

If you find that only 90 per cent. of it is necessary you should be able to convince your wife that a saving of this 10 per cent. will make all the difference between feeling reasonably tired by her work and feeling worn out.

Of course, we are all tired when we have been working, but there is a great difference between that pleasant degree of tiredness which makes you feel you can sit down and relax and that degree of utter fatigue when you feel too tired to rest and you have to keep on working because you dare not stop.

## MEALS

More women eat themselves to ill-health than men.

YOU should check up on your wife's feeding habits.

You know what they are when you are there, but what about when you are not there?

Does she risk a peptic ulcer by starving herself until you come home?

You must put a stop to this.

Men drown their sorrows in drink, but some women bury theirs in food.

Eating to excess is as bad as smoking to excess or drinking to excess.

Many women eat to excess because they are bored.

Others because they are unhappy, not unhappy for any specific reason, but very often because they feel inadequate.

It is this state of fatigue which many housewives reach by the end of the day.

## Footrest

It is up to you, as the husband of one of them, to save her that odd 10 per cent., which will represent a saving of more than one hour's work in a housewife's day.

And think what that means in terms of taking the weight off her feet.

Buy your wife an adjustable stool with a footrest, so that she can do at least some of her jobs sitting down.

In order to reduce to a minimum the risk of her developing the complications of varicose veins, you must persuade your wife not to stand doing chores quite so much.

She must sit down for those it is possible to do sitting down. Standing is the worst thing she can do.

Walking about is better, so it is

better that she should interrupt standing still every now and then by going and doing something which will enable her to move about.

## Painful

When sitting she should avoid pressure on the veins at the back of the leg.

In fact, she should sit with the legs up on a pouffe or stool, especially if she has the slightest sign of early varicose veins.

If your wife's varicose veins are bad enough to wear elastic stockings, she must put them on first in

the morning while the veins are still comparatively empty.

Operations for varicose veins are effective, but the legs are liable to be very painful for a week or two after the operation.

If your wife has this operation, it is no good expecting that she will be back on the job again in a couple of weeks' time.

If your wife already has varicose veins and wishes to avoid an operation, she must reduce her weight and avoid getting tired.

She should put her feet up whenever resting.

Continued overleaf

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## HOW NOT TO KILL YOUR WIFE

Continued from previous page

### In love

● Love never means exactly the same thing to a man as to a woman. It is a question of priority of values.

**A** MAN wants love only at certain moments when he wants to spend it. What he wants to store up for the future is money.

A woman wants to store love up for the future, while she only wants money when she wants to spend it.

For a man sex and love can be quite separate and distinct things.

Few wives can understand how a man can have a purely physical affair with another woman without any lessening of his love for his wife.

And yet this is perfectly possible for some men.

A great deal of completely unnecessary distress (and divorce) would be saved if a wife could put a telescope to her blind eye and sail on undisturbed by the fact that her husband has indulged his desire for sex elsewhere.

But they cannot do this without great mental suffering, because to women love and sex are one and the same thing.

The thing that matters to a woman is love, while sex is only an incidental adjunct.

This is not a question of maturity.

In a man's world sexual freedom may pass for maturity, and some women who like to seem as tough as men may ape this attitude, but to the average woman security matters more.

### Maturity

Most women who use the blind-eye technique are more interested in the security of their children than they are in acquiring a reputation for mental maturity.

Women mature sexually earlier than men, only in a very limited sense. They reach a mature functioning of their organs of reproduction in their early teens, but unlike men they do not experience real sexual desire spontaneously for many years.

This is a most important point for a husband to realise if his marriage is going to be a success as a love-match.

The flame of sex leaps up naturally without coaxing in most men, but in most girls it must first be kindled and then gently fanned before it will burn brightly.

So many girls are not fully mature when they get married.

You would hardly believe this to look at them, but although mature physically, they are not so emotionally.

A husband should lead his wife very gradually on toward full sexual and emotional maturity.

He must not let her think that sex is his reason for marriage. He must share all sides of his life with her, so that they have a complete life together.

By giving her emotional and physical satisfaction he will be doing as much as he can to prevent psychological trouble.

A wife who starts married life as an immature girl attains maturity by living a full life with her husband.

I don't mean that she should take an active part in his business, but she should be taken into his confidence in everything, sharing his thoughts as well as his love.

In these days the idea that young husbands are more mature than their wives may seem strange.

A young man reaches the peak of his desire in the late teens, but a woman is ten years older.

It is definitely not the case that the loving desires of humans are provided only for the purpose of reproducing the species. If this were so, man, like other animals, would be limited to a seasonal desire to mate.

Yet humans may experience desire at any time. In many cases this desire continues into old age, and certainly long after the time at which women cease to be able to reproduce children, which proves the point.

## Get a good line on your wife

(FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING)

● About a million years ago Man started walking upright on two legs and is still the only animal who can do it without cheating. But Woman has to make it ten times more tricky by perching herself on her toes and wearing three-inch heels.

**I**N many cases she can only achieve this by sticking her bottom out behind.

Your wife cannot adopt the correct posture without seeing her own faults first.

She should look at herself in a long mirror, standing in a natural position.

I mean just that, look at herself, not at her clothes, and she should ask herself these questions:

● Is my head held to one side or does it droop forward like a snowdrop?

● Are my shoulders both at the same level? Do they drop downwards or are they rounded forwards?

● And my chest, is it flattened or even looking as if it were trying to touch my spine?

● Are my tummy muscles weak and floppy so that the whole abdomen sags forwards?

● Is my spine like a question mark? Or perhaps it bends to one side when looked at from the back?

● Are my hips at the same level and is my seat sticking out behind?

● Are my knees knocking together, and am I inclined to stand on the inner borders of my feet?

Tall people need to hold themselves correctly more than anyone else, because theirs are the backs which most often give trouble.

Her head should be held up high, but the chin tucked in. The head should be at right-angles to the shoulders, which should be held back and square.

The chest should be thrown out.

The upper tummy muscles should be held firm and hard so that you could punch her without hurting anything but your fist. The lower abdominal muscles should be flattened and drawn upwards.

The buttocks should be firm and tucked in as if reacting to a sly pinch. She must avoid hollowing the middle of the back and sticking out the seat.

She must stand with her weight distributed equally down both legs. The knees should be thrown slightly apart by

putting her weight more on the outer sides of the feet.

She should claw the toes slightly as one does when standing on wet sand and actually gripping the ground.

She must never let the arches on the inner side of the feet sag.

After assuming the correct posture your wife should take a long look at herself in the looking-glass just to verify how it all feels in her muscles.

When she is dressed and out and about she will be able to recollect the feeling and make sure her posture is correct.

Every now and then she should refresh her memory by getting it right in front of the mirror again.

To assume a good posture when walking, your wife should imagine that she is an Eastern woman carrying a pitcher of water on her head.

Her head would have to be held upright and balanced squarely on her shoulders — she could not possibly do it if her head was poking forwards or held to one side.

When sitting, the posture is equally important.

### Her poor back

One should always sit right into the angle between the seat and back of the chair, and also sit upright.

A small cushion placed in the small of the back to support the natural forwards-curve of the lumbar spine will help.

This position is particularly important when driving a car and the car-seat should be far enough forwards for her knees to be bent.

When your wife is lifting a weight she should think of her poor back.

She should never stoop forward in order to lift something or pull out a drawer, but always keep the spine straight. If she has to get down to the floor to lift she should bend the knees and make the lift come from the thighs with a straight back and straight arms.

## Social sparkler, but home grouch?

● Never complain that your wife is gay and amusing with strangers but never with you.

**E**VERY man knows, if he is honest, that his own facade of efficiency and the tough, witty exterior he presents isn't the same as his over-anxious, insecure, insufficient, inside being.

The married couple who have lived together as one many years allow the blind to drop when they are alone.

That is why the gay, amusing exterior that your wife shows to the world is a different picture from the worried, anxious, self-critical and, perhaps husband-critical, wife that you see from the inside.

She allows you to see her as she sees herself.

You should be pleased that your wife makes the effort to be socially gay even if she is domestically miserable.

For then you can rest assured that she is capable of getting on top of her worries.

A mental breakdown is not a thing that can be thrown off all that easily.

If you come home tired in the evenings and the only conversation you initiate deals with the frustrations of your daily grind what has she to be bright about? After all, it takes two to make an amusing conversation!

"Well," you may say, "I try to make her come out in the evenings, but she always says she is too tired."

That may be so, but I think this is an effort which she will enjoy making and you must use all your powers of persuasion to get her to do it.

But it is no good bullying her into it. You are better to take the line that you will enjoy it and that you cannot go without her.

"But what about having people here," did I hear you say? "Look at the extra work it will cause, and she worries so much about cooking already."

Admittedly, it does cause extra work. I think it is worth it, and the extra strain of cooking a rather special dinner will be offset by her sense of social success.

## A problem to combat

● It is true that menopause can be largely what a woman makes it, but equally true that her husband can help to make it more bearable.

**T**HE essential point about the change of life in either a man or a woman is that it is a normal stage of life.

It is something which everyone goes through, it is not a disease, but for some women it is not a very easy time.

Menopause seems worse to some women because their husbands give them too much sympathy.

There is nothing worse for a woman who is going through a normal process than to be treated as if she were an invalid.

There is nothing more calculated to make people feel sorry for themselves than misplaced sympathy.

### Sorry for herself

If a husband is too sorry for his wife she will become sorry for herself.

On the other hand I think it is equally true that some women who are having a really bad time are shown too little sympathy by their husbands.

It may seem contrary that some women become sorry for themselves because they are shown too much sympathy and others because they are ignored, but I think it is a fact that a woman may become excessively sorry for herself because no one else is sorry for her.

The result may be that without her knowing it, she exaggerates her symptoms so that her husband must take notice of her. "Well," you might ask, "what is the answer? How should a husband treat his wife at this time?"

There is no stock answer to this, because all women are different, but in most cases a husband should be encouragingly sympathetic.

Under no circumstances should he ignore his wife.

He can be offbeat in his behaviour to her, but he should not be offhand.

He should not belittle her symptoms, but he should not fuss too much.

You must remember that quite apart from any troublesome symptoms, possibly excessive blood loss and the fact that she may not be sleeping well, she is actually getting older.

You know yourself that, although you can sit in your office or drive your car as well as ever, physical exertion tires you far more than it used to.

Remember, then, that you probably have less physical exertion.

You are the one who must somehow save her when you get home.

With many menopausal women, minor worries about food preparation magnify themselves until they dominate their lives.

In some cases, a wife feels she just can't get away from the kitchen and will spend all her afternoons cooking elaborate meals for her husband.

### Feeling of panic

In others, she becomes too much of a perfectionist and keeps throwing away half-prepared dishes and starting again.

In yet other cases the situation is reversed and it is only with great effort that she can bring herself to start cooking at all, and even then, although an expert cook, can't make up her mind what food to prepare.

Shopping may also be a bugbear. Some menopausal women can't face going into a shop. Some have a feeling of panic while waiting to be served.

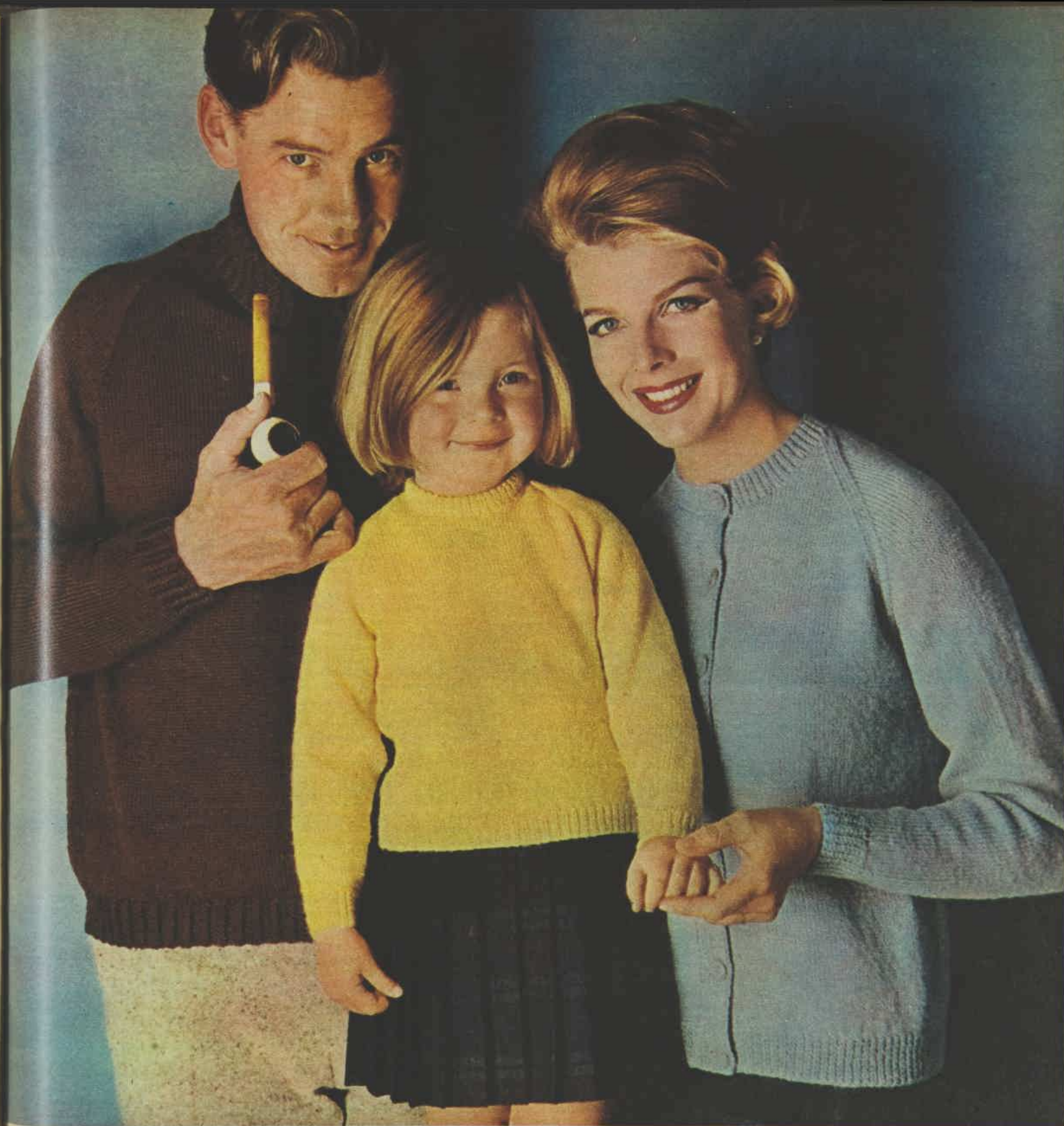
I admit it is difficult for you to know how to deal with your wife if she is having troubles like these.

If you take every worry too seriously life will become one long crisis.

The real answer is that you must play your hand as you find it. Sometimes your wife needs a little astringent firmness and at others sympathetic reassurance.

Continued on page 36





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# Fathers-to-be have lots to do

● The news that his wife is pregnant for the first time fills the young husband with awe. Later in married life the novelty wears off, and husbands greet the news with a bleak look of resigned fortitude instead of dewy-eyed, rapturous awe.

**W**HEN his wife is pregnant, a husband should make it his business to find out all he can about what is happening and what is going to happen.

He should match her expectant maternity with a forward-looking expectant paternity.

He should share her pregnancy as much as it is possible for a man; understanding, supporting, and comforting in the true sense of the word.

An expectant father cannot share all the physical discomfort his wife is going through, but at least he can know what she is going through.

He can read books on the subject and find out about pregnancy at various stages, and also about labor.

He should do his best to humor his wife because even the most placid woman may become temperamental at this time and he should do his utmost to help her have a serene pregnancy.

He should make it easy for her to follow the doctor's advice, especially as far as rest, exercise, and diet are concerned.

He should give her his most valuable possessions, his time and his freedom, giving up some of the things he wants to do and spending more time with her.

Above all he should particularly shield her from worry and anxiety.

Far from being inconsiderate, some husbands go to the other extreme and attempt to make an invalid of their wives during pregnancy.

Notwithstanding anything I have said already, you should certainly avoid this.

Your wife is undergoing a quite natural process and she should be encouraged to lead a full life and take plenty of exercise, but doing somewhat less than her normal work in the home.

But she should not be turned into someone who needs waiting on hand and foot. Even on the psychological plane there is a great difference between humoring her and indulging her.

Do not show anxiety about her condition. Remember that most women have babies and most pregnancies have a successful conclusion.

So there is no need to be anxious, and even if you are, never show it to your wife.

Your wife will require to have regular medical checks throughout pregnancy (your doctor will tell you details).

## Watch medicines

The object of antenatal examination is to ensure that nothing will go wrong during labor, and to spot as early as possible anything that is amiss during pregnancy.

A normal pregnancy lasts about 270 days. It is generally called nine months, but it is nine calendar months.

However, few babies are born exactly on the day expected.

The estimate would be more accurate if the actual date of conception were known, but this is seldom the case.

If your wife is in the early weeks of pregnancy, weeks which are critical for your developing child, keep a very sharp lookout for patent medicines.

The truth is we just do not know which may cause congenital malformations.

Before the thalidomide disaster it was not customary to test all drugs on pregnant animals, because it was not generally realised what trouble could be caused.

Since then doctors have been very chary about using any drug in early pregnancy which has not been tested in this way.

Many drugs have now undergone the most stringent trials and are known to be safe, but patent medicines could be a different matter.

Therefore, you must make absolutely sure that your wife takes only drugs that are known to be 100 per cent. safe for the coming child.

As pregnancy is not a disease, no drugs should be required to relieve its symptoms. The safest plan is to use only those which have been prescribed by a doctor for some complication of pregnancy or for some acute illness which may have no connection with the pregnancy.

It is difficult to say what the cause of a miscarriage is. One thing that is certain is that it is seldom due to injury. It may be due to shock or to some other illness.

## Consult doctor

If your wife has had repeated miscarriages she should consult her doctor in order to find out why.

There may be an upset in the hormone balance or some medicine she is taking.

If the uterus is misplaced, especially if tilted backwards, repeated miscarriages may result.

In some cases there is an abnormality in the blood.

## A BLESSING—IN TERRIBLE DISGUISE

**EVERY** disaster is a blessing in disguise, however tragic for those directly affected, and since thalidomide a vast amount of research has been carried out so that knowledge of this subject has grown very considerably.

It is now known that well over 70 different things can cause deformities in animals, including drugs, infections, X-rays, antibiotics, and diets which lack vitamins.

It is no use finding the cause of the miscarriage unless steps are going to be taken to put matters right, and it is your job as a husband to see that the prescribed treatment is carried out.

The number of miscarriages which occur is not accurately known.

There is no established connection between the amount of work a woman does and whether she has a miscarriage, but many gynaecologists say that it is harmful for a woman to engage in heavy work during the early months of pregnancy.

Antenatal examinations are essential, of course, but they still do not prevent complications occurring between examinations.

It is one of the jobs of an expectant father to be quietly on the lookout and ensure that his wife has immediate medical attention if anything at all suspicious turns up.

Relaxation is a word which has a special meaning in ante-natal care. Labor can be made easier by special methods of relaxation during pregnancy.

It is, therefore, most important to persuade your wife either to attend relaxation classes or to have private tuition from a trained person.

On the one hand they provide training for labor, meaning instruction on what normally happens during pregnancy and labor.

On the other they show women how to get into training for labor in the same

way as an athlete gets into training for an athletic event.

Apart from little troublesome things like haemorrhoids and varicose veins the important complications of pregnancy are the toxæmias and haemorrhages.

One which may occur early in pregnancy takes the form of an excessive form of "morning" sickness. In this the patient vomits at any time of the day and she may reach the stage when she keeps nothing at all down, not even plain water.

This may cause her to become dangerously dehydrated owing to loss of body fluids. Pain in the upper part of the stomach may be severe.

Some of these cases are of psychological origin and the more her husband frets and fusses the worse his wife becomes.

In this type of case firmness usually works like a charm, but some cases have to be taken completely away from their worried relations and when this happens they get better without any treatment.

There is a tendency for varicose veins to run in families, so that any woman with a family history of varicose veins should rest with her feet up as much as possible every day during the later stages of pregnancy.

Adequate rest and support for the veins with elastic stockings is the best treatment for varicose veins during pregnancy.

It appears fairly certain that everything which can block the formation of folic acid, a part of the vitamin B complex, in the body can cause malformations if administered during the time of limb development.

In humans this is known to be from the fourth to the sixth weeks of pregnancy, but a generous safety margin should be left on either side.

Injections or operations should not be carried out at this time, as there is always a chance that the veins will disappear of their own accord after the baby is born.

There is no doubt that you are the partner who should be doing the running about and the fetching and carrying.

I think you are probably well aware of this and it would be surprising if you were not doing all you can to save your wife unnecessary physical effort.

## Apprehension

And so you should, for think of her poor legs, possibly swollen and with varicose veins, carrying in addition to her own weight a seven or eight pound baby, a placenta weighing more than a pound, and fluids weighing up to four pounds inside the uterus which itself has increased in weight by several pounds.

It is easy to be full of concern for your wife when she is in labor, but it is much more important to be full of concern for her when she is awaiting labor.

True, she may be eagerly awaiting it, but this does not alter the fact that she may be full of apprehension.

I do not mean that she is frightened of what is going to happen, but rather that she is afraid that the arrangements will not fit in; or that she will not have everything in readiness; or that she will not get

to the hospital in time and that the baby will be born on the way.

If your wife is booked to have the baby in hospital it is up to you to make sure in advance that she does not get fussed beforehand about how she is going to get there, and to see that she gets there without a hitch when the time comes.

Toward the end of her pregnancy you should ensure that she always knows where you are so that she can reach you by telephone if she believes that she is going into labor.

You should ensure that you are at home as much as possible and you should avoid going out in the evenings at all.

It is not fair to leave her alone to face the worry of how to get hold of you.

You should certainly not be away overnight.

If you are not going to take her to hospital in your own car you should make sure of other transport, and even familiarise yourself with the procedure for getting an ambulance.

A father's responsibilities to his child commence as soon as it is born.

The traditional convention that men must keep themselves fit for their work by letting their wives do all the getting up at night is a bit of a racket.

The person who really needs the sleep is the wife, who is trying to recover from her confinement, breast feeding the infant early and late, and generally looking after him in addition to running the house.

## Healthy diet

Her husband can get by on very much less sleep, but if every night is disturbed the best plan is for them to take it in turns to get up.

A husband can do a lot to spare his wife broken rest on his night on duty even if the baby is breast-fed.

Boiled water sometimes works wonders, and his wife should only be disturbed as the last resort.

Breast feeding is actually good for the mother as well as the child, because it causes a reflex action which encourages the uterus to return to its normal size.

Your wife should have a balanced diet with plenty of nourishing food at this time.

She should have meat or fish every day, plenty of green vegetables, salads, fresh fruit, butter, eggs, and cheese.

The fluid intake must be well above normal to provide the water for making milk and she should have at least one and a quarter pints of milk daily.

She should also have extra vitamins, both for her sake and for the baby's. She may take these as orange juice and cod liver oil or halibut liver oil.

The doctor may order iron tablets for a time.

As a rule the pelvic organs return to normal without difficulty. To check this your wife should have a post-natal examination carried out by the doctor six weeks after the birth to make sure that the uterus has returned to its normal position and size and that the vulva and perineum have fully recovered from stretching or from any tears which may have had to be stitched.

In most cases it is wise to postpone the normal marriage relationship until after this examination, but it is probably harmless after the fourth week if the husband is gentle.

The decision on when it should start is best left to your wife.



● A holiday with children is never a complete rest for your wife.

● So keep a bit of your annual leave and take her away alone on a jaunt made to measure for her.

● But — she'll probably get "washing fever" each morning unless you hide your dirty shirts. (Or wash them.)

● On family holidays YOU do the chores.

● SHE should have breakfast in bed.

## HOW NOT TO KILL YOUR WIFE

### For family planners

● To balance the needs of your wife's physical and mental health, your family should be spaced with about two years between them, if you plan two or three children.

IF you plan to have more than this number the ideal is that they should be bunched so that the first pair, with two years or less between them, is separated from the next pair by three or four years.

In this way your wife will get a chance of having some life of her own and of recovering fully from pregnancy, labor, and lactation.

I know that some people prefer to have

all their children close together and then stop, but this is a very wearing process for the wife.

After the second pair, unless they are all one sex or you are both very keen on having a large family, you should cry halt in the interests of your wife's health.

Large families can be fun, but they are also extremely wearing, physically, for a woman both in the bearing and rearing of them.

Of course, I am giving my personal

opinions, based on medical experience. People are entitled, naturally, to their own views.

Apart from the general wear and tear on her system, bearing too many children or having babies too close together may cause your wife to have local trouble in the reproductive tract.

Health education and books and articles written for the lay public have little effect on wives when it comes to looking after their own health.

This is shown by the fact that the average woman who notices bleeding between periods will delay six months before going to a doctor.

That is why I think that husbands should know the facts, because they can sometimes help in the early diagnosis of cancer of the womb more than anyone.

## ... and so have fathers-in-fact

● Having children is easier for husbands than it is for wives. However, once they have arrived there is no reason why your wife should go on carrying the can!

AFTER all, she may have them, but they are your kids! And she sees them all day long.

It is up to you to help with them when you come home, both for their sake, her sake, and also for your own sake because in happy fatherhood the father does things for the children from a young age onwards.

Doing things with and for the children at night is one of the best ways for him to relax from the tensions of work.

The world is divided into those fathers who enjoy bathing their children and those who have never tried.

Yet bathtime is one of the best opportunities for answering questions. After all, your wife has been answering questions all day. It's time you took over.

Reading the same stories over and over again is another form of relaxation both for you and the children.

When you have read a story so often that your child corrects you if you put a comma in the wrong place you begin to understand what relaxation means.

Answering questions put in piping voices, reading the same old story, doing little things for children, waiting for them when they insist on taking ages to do things for themselves; standing patiently waiting while a child puts a small button through a small buttonhole without butting in and doing it for the child, who, after all, must learn; these are tension-easers to the man who has been wrestling with other problems all day.

But to his wife, who has been coping with just this situation all day, these things are tension-makers.

This give and take is the crux of the matter in marriage, for swapping jobs can be a tension-easer for both.

Anyway, your wife may be tired and tense as a result of the children's constant questions, because she really doesn't know some of the answers.

It is a father's privilege to be responsible for his children.

The father who has had little to do with his children except deal with them when they transgress is going to be pretty unpopular, while the father who has had a lot to do with his children and who is well known to them is going to find that when he has to apply correctives there is no lessening of the love and respect which they hold for him.

Children like to know exactly how far they can go. They like to know where the boundaries are.

It is as much a father's duty to provide the love and discipline of fatherhood and to play his part in the upbringing of his children as it is to provide money to keep and educate them.

You cannot contract out by paying someone to look after them.

You may pay someone to save your wife having to look after the children, but you

cannot pay someone to take over your responsibilities.

It is a good thing — if you can afford it — for you to have domestic help to save your wife work and worry, as long as you do not use it as a sop to your conscience for being an absentee father.

For us fathers, doing as much as possible for and with the children is a matter of sheer necessity if our wives are to keep their health and their reason.

Perhaps your wife does not like to see you coping with chores like washing nappies or scrubbing the nursery floor, but the best plan is to pack her off to, say, an evening class in pottery, or simply to a neighbor's, and then she will not see it.

It does not matter how bad a potter she is or if the house is littered with misshapen ashtrays and ugly jugs.

The important thing is to see that she has a complete change of occupation in the evenings.

### "Tin gods"

On the whole I think it is true to say that more fathers of all classes play their part in fatherhood today than in the past.

Today one finds, as a doctor, that men will take the trouble to bring their children to see the doctor or will take charge when the doctor comes to the house.

In wealthy families in the past fathers were very remote people, like tin gods.

They gave their children everything in an impersonal way, but the one thing they never gave them was their time.

Today men in all walks of life play a part in the upbringing of their children. Most of them are intimately concerned with their children from birth onwards.

There is still a type of businessman who thinks that money will provide fatherhood, and they are, of course, quite wrong.

And the man who is remote, out of touch with his children, becomes out of touch with his wife, because they are more than half her life.

In many families the children are aware of the curious fact that father is the source of all money and mother has nothing.

Although this may or may not be true it is potentially a dangerous situation. It aligns the mother along with the children and sets the father apart: the have-nots on the one side and the have on the other.

It is a fact that many of the rows in family life are over money, but rows of this sort are important factors in producing stress, worry, and even neurotic illness among wives.

One reason for this is that wives hate asking their husbands for money.

And why should they have to?

In this modern world women are as capable as men of earning an adequate income, but are often barred from doing it because they have to rear the children.

It is a most frustrating situation when a wife, who has so far been financially independent, although married, becomes a poor relation when the children come along.

This brings us back to the fact that they are your children as much as hers.

If she stays home to look after them she should be paid a fair wage for the job.

Too many men think because they provide their wives with housekeeping money which they use for buying food and running the home that they have done all that is required.

### Teamwork

● Children today may not address their parents with the same awesome respect as in the past, but I think they give them as much respect, and much more affection and friendship.

BUT none of this alters the basic need children have for discipline, which provides a child with an ordered life instead of chaos.

You don't need to be a tyrant. It is possible to be both firm and friendly. This tells them what is what.

Another thing: fathers are often critical of the way mothers treat the children.

They are too soft or nag too much.

At the same time mothers are often critical of the way fathers treat the children. They say they are too firm or cross.

It may be true. Perhaps fathers are cross or mothers too indulgent, but most children today understand their parents better

than the parents understand the children.

They have a much better understanding of the situation than their parents think they have, so cut out your criticism of your wife's treatment of the children and get on with the job of organising your family as a team to help her.

Many a wife is convinced that she is the only person who should be doing the chores. But, of course, she cannot do them single-handed.

Tell her to have pity on herself.

Women are meant to do works of mercy. See that she does herself a work of mercy.

If every member of the family does his or her share of the work there will be no need for anyone to become worn out by it. I don't mean that everyone should wash his own plate, knife, fork, and spoon, I mean that all jobs should be shared.

There is no reason why the boys should get away with doing no housework, and many of them do not want to.

Some boys are very keen on cooking and they should be encouraged to do it.

But the first step when the family team, led by father, starts in on the chores is to get mother out of the way.

If you don't you will be constantly told that you are not doing it the right way and it will be restful for nobody.

Many women are temperamentally unsuited to sitting down while other members of the family do housework and they are often allergic to being told to go and rest by bossy husbands or children.

Admittedly, neither you nor the children can do the chores all the time, because you have to go to work and they to school.

But there is no reason why you cannot bring the team into action on Saturdays and Sundays.

As for the evenings, unless you happen to be a professional dishwasher, it will do the team no harm to rally round and polish the washing up off in ten minutes while your wife sits down.

It is your duty to give your children the benefit of having a mother in good health.

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### WORKING WIVES

1. I see no health objection to a wife going out to work if it doesn't result in her having to do two jobs in one and the same day.

2. So she must have adequate domestic help.

3. In some cases the priorities of financial and physical bankruptcy may have to be weighed against each other.

4. Some wives want a job because they're bored at home. Others because they want a rest (many paid jobs are easier than being a housewife).

5. But you must consider what visible effect outside work has on her.

6. Does she look tired? Is she thin or losing her looks? Does she drop ex-

hausted into bed? Is she cross, always picking on the children?

7. If the answer to more than two of these questions is "yes," going out to work is too much and it's time she had a rest.

8. Then there is the woman who does not have enough to do at home. This situation is liable to coincide with the menopause, a bad time for her to be left with idle hands. She should take a job.

9. There's no doubt that the woman who sits at home with not enough to do may suffer more at menopause than the woman who is always busy.

10. Some men object to their wives' jobs because they are just plain jealous. Such objections are due more to prejudice than principle.



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# Keep her moving

(AWAY FROM ARTHRITIS)

- "Keep moving" should be the motto of anyone suffering from any form of arthritis, for the patient can do more for herself than anyone else can do for her.

ALTHOUGH the rheumatoid factor is present in an equal number of cases in the two sexes, women are four times more likely to have the disease than men are.

This might be due to the fact that the structures in a woman's joints are not so strong or so well supported.

About 80 per cent. of the people who suffer from rheumatoid arthritis are women. It is liable to develop in married women at any age after 25, but the peak age for it to appear is between 50 and 55.

Rheumatoid arthritis is more likely to start in the winter months than it is in summer.

Its onset may be triggered off by infection in the body, so that any person who comes from a rheumatoid family should take care that all septic teeth and other chronic forms of sepsis, like infected tonsils, are eliminated from the body.

It is important that all husbands should look out for the earliest signs of the disease. This is doubly important for those whose wives have close relatives already suffering from it.

The joints of the hands and feet are the first to be affected in sixty per cent. of the cases. The finger joints are probably first or the joints between the fingers and the hands.

The great thing is never to neglect the early stages of rheumatoid arthritis, so if your wife begins to complain of pain or swelling of these joints or even if she just has poor circulation associated with stiffness of her hands, it is time to have something done about it.

After the small joints of the hands, the next joints to be affected are the wrists.

While previously it was thought only to be a pain-relieving drug, it is now known that aspirin is actually a cure, as it alters the chemistry.

One disadvantage of aspirin is that it may cause dyspepsia, gastritis, or even bleeding from the stomach.

Paracetamol has a similar effect, but it does not have this disadvantage.

During recent years butazolidine and

steroids have been used, but many authorities consider large doses of aspirin, given in soluble form, as effective as anything.

During acute episodes painful joints should be rested and not moved. In fact, in the acute stage of any joint disease rest is the answer, not exercise.

The personal possession of a heat lamp is a remarkably valuable thing for all arthritics.

It relieves pain and therefore reduces the amount of pain-relieving drugs which are necessary.

More home treatment of stiff joints can be carried out by those who own a heat lamp.

## Sacrifices

Gentle massage with a cream such as adrenaline cream should be carried out after heat has been applied for twenty minutes. Heat may also be used for relieving stiffness in muscles.

Many of the victims of rheumatoid arthritis, realising that the use of the steroid drugs may result in certain disadvantages, including changes in the appearance of the face, accept this as the price they must pay for suppressing the symptoms of this distressing disease.

If your wife suffers from arthritis, of course you must make sacrifices for her, financial and personal.

You must provide her with adequate help in the house, not just when you are at home, but the rest of the time also.

You must fix up gadgets all over the house which will help her to help herself.

## HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

- If your wife has a tendency to high blood pressure you must see that she relaxes and, if possible, sleeps not only at night but also in the afternoons.

The point is that the more her blood pressure can be reduced by relaxation, the less strain her heart will suffer.

Remember that high blood pressure is

not a disease. It is only a sign, like a raised temperature, of something else that is going on in the body, and this something else may be no more than an over-stressful life.

However, high blood pressure may be associated with disease of the heart, kidneys, endocrine glands, or arteries.

## Exact routine

Having completed the methodical examination of the left breast with the flat of the right hand, she proceeds to follow exactly the same routine with the right breast, using the left hand.

No lumps can be felt when the normal breast is palpated with the flat of the hand, because the lobes of the breast flatten out softly below the examining hand (it is only when it is plucked up that the normal breast tissue appears to be a lump).

A breast cancer, however, can be felt when the breast is examined with the flat of the hand.

This is merely a matter of pressing the breast tissue between the flat of the hand and the ribs.

## HOW NOT TO KILL YOUR WIFE

### POWERFUL MODERN DRUGS

- There is no doubt that modern, high-powered medicine is sometimes a disadvantage to the patient.

IT may even be fraught with danger, but it is wrong to condemn modern drugs because they are dangerous.

We would not be better without them, but great care must be taken, too, so that they are not used indiscriminately in unsuitable cases.

Of course, modern drugs are dangerous. They always were, but no great advances would have been made in the treatment of disease if no one had the courage to administer them, or to take them.

Forty years ago most young diabetics died in youth.

Now the picture is quite different. Why? Because of insulin, which is an extremely dangerous drug if used wrongly.

But that does not mean we should

not use it. For more than 35 years it has enabled diabetics to lead full and active lives. They have not only survived, they have also lived.

There has been a medical revolution since those days. At that time, in the case of most diseases, doctors and unqualified practitioners alike were mostly giving some harmless treatment while waiting for the forces of nature to kill or cure the patient.

The number of cases in which harmful side effects result from these "modern drugs" is infinitely small compared with the vast number of people who are cured.

You get nothing for nothing in this world. Admittedly, this is a cliché, but phrases only become clichés because they are true.

At any rate, I think the majority of people suffering from progressive, crippling, chronic diseases are prepared to accept it.

## Worry worries wives

- Many a woman builds up a fantastic lifetime of worry for herself, and the greater her worries the more she tries to hide from them by immersing herself in housework.

BUT the more she uses housework as a means of escaping from responsibility, the more responsibility she will want to escape from.

Some women in this state cannot face driving because they have an exaggerated fear of having an accident or merely of committing some minor motoring offence.

At first they may say that they cannot see to drive in the dark.

Later they may refuse to drive in city traffic and so they go on with excuse after excuse until they give up driving altogether. Some excuses are quite unreasonable.

For instance, although taking the car to do the shopping will save time, some say that they have not time to do it because of the amount of work they have to do in the house.

Although it seems cruel to make your wife continue to drive if she feels as nervous about it as all that, you must face the fact that if she drops it for any length of time, she may never take it up again.

It is not necessarily a bad thing to feel nervous about doing things which require a high degree of mental and physical concentration.

I think we all do many things better when we feel slightly anxious, including driving.

In some cases of excessive anxiety or depression the family doctor may decide that the case needs the expert help of a psychiatrist, but such is the prejudice of some people that occasionally, when this is suggested, both the patient and her husband take offence.

This, of course, is absurd.

Any husband who is advised that his wife requires the help of a psychiatrist should encourage her to accept that help.

You should accompany her at least on her first visit, as the psychiatrist will probably wish to discuss matters with you.

It is quite likely that you can give him information he can't get from your wife.

You can talk to a psychiatrist in the strictest confidence, knowing that he will reveal nothing, but you should have no secrets from him.

One advantage of seeing a remote specialist who is outside your immediate circle is that he is quite impersonal and he will be neither surprised nor shocked by anything that is said to him.

Occasionally a husband finds that he just cannot agree with the conclusions reached by the psychiatrist who has seen his wife. He considers that he is an intelligent man and that he knows more about his wife than the psychiatrist.

You should realise that the psychiatrist as a bystander may see the solution to your wife's problem more clearly than you can.

Perhaps you are too much involved. But having made allowances for this factor, what do you do if you still find yourself in complete disagreement with the advice?

This is where your family doctor comes back into the picture.

Continued overleaf

## Medical and home check-ups

- Is there any advantage in your wife having medical check-ups at regular intervals? Yes.

THERE are many reasons why your wife should have regular physical check-ups with her doctor.

High blood pressure would be easily detected at a routine examination; and in rheumatic and other complaints, cancer, or diabetes (commoner in women than men), treatment should begin as soon as possible.

Take breast cancer, for instance.

Without a doctor's check or the test described below, the early stages of this disease are not likely to produce symptoms which draw the patient's attention to the condition in time for early diagnosis and cure.

Then there is the question of other forms of cancer peculiar to woman, like cancer of the uterus.

Regular personal checks of the breasts should be carried out every six months.

For the purpose of examination, each breast is divided into four quadrants: The outer-upper quadrant, the outer-lower quadrant, the inner-lower quadrant, and finally, the inner-upper quadrant.

A woman should examine her breasts with the flat of the hand while she is lying on her back, using the right hand to examine the left breast and the left hand to examine the right.



## HOW NOT TO KILL YOUR WIFE

Continued from previous page.

● *In my view women require more sleep than men. I think the average business or professional man needs only six or seven hours' sleep, while his wife needs seven, eight, or nine.*

**T**HIS means that if there are any late-night chores to be done in your house you are the one to do them, not your wife.

If it is a question of getting up early in the morning, well, persuade your wife to stay in bed for as long as possible.

If you read or work in bed to all hours, at least work with a shaded light so that your wife can get to sleep, because, although it is true that you, as a middle-aged business man, need "horizontal rest" she, as a manual worker, needs sleep.

The amount of rest needed varies with the particular person.

To find out how much sleep your wife needs, you must persuade her to go to bed early enough to wake up in the morning without an alarm clock.

Then find out the average number of hours' sleep she needs to enable her to wake up at about the right time in the morning.

You will have to extend your observations over several weeks.

Measure the time from when she goes to sleep to when she wakes up spontaneously.

Next, you should see that on average she gets the right amount, although she may not get the exact amount each night. As long as she gets seven times her ration during the week she won't come to harm.

Women need more sleep when they are menstruating (but this is easily caught up with) and when they are pregnant.

It is up to you to see that your wife does not stay up late at night during pregnancy, or get up early in the mornings.

If she insists on getting up early, she must either have a couple of hours' rest in the afternoon or go to bed straight after dinner.

### Can't relax

If your wife sleeps badly, it may be difficult to stop her staying up late, because she cannot face going to bed.

It may be she is in such a state of tension that she cannot relax, and her worries and anxieties pile in on top of her thoughts after she goes to bed.

This is one reason why some housewives wear themselves out by doing chores late at night.

If your wife does this, you must exert strong pressure to stop it before she undermines her health.

If necessary, she must see the doctor, who may prescribe a tablet to help her relax.

Many women behave like this during the years which precede the menopause, when anxieties, tensions, and worries seem worse than at any other time.

Try to find out what goes on after you have turned out the light. Does she lie there wakeful and worrying?

She may be feeling that it is so silly that she does not want to talk to you about it, or maybe she is not talking to you about it because she thinks that you have enough worries.

The first stage is to make sure that she has a deep, relaxing, hot bath in which she can lie and let relaxation seep gradually over her body and mind, and then get

straight into a warm bed (if it's cold weather).

Whatever you do, don't let her potter about getting cold after her warm bath.

Never discuss worrying things with her just before bedtime, and

if she shows any inclination to rake up this sort of discussion, change the subject.

Do not let her read exciting thrillers in bed. Something heavy, needing close concentration, is just right for inducing sleep.

## A wife needs more sleep than her husband does

Take her a hot drink after her bath and don't leave her to get it herself; she will only start half a dozen other jobs.

Rest is the essential point, not whether you go to sleep or not. It does not matter if your wife can-

not get to sleep night after night as long as she does not worry about it, because worry destroys her rest. Tell her that she will do herself as much good by lying still, with every muscle in her body com-

Continued on opposite page





Concluded from previous page

pletely relaxed, as she will by sleeping the clock round.

Insomnia is not just lack of sleep. Lack of sleep in itself does not really matter.

Insomnia exists when a person cannot get to sleep and worries about it. It is the worry that does the harm.

The muscles must be relaxed, even the muscles of the calves and feet, and even the toe and finger muscles.

Tell your wife she should allow her thoughts to wander aimlessly through her mind, not deliberately avoiding worrying ones, but generally letting the whole mind just drift along. And sleep will come.

## (and a nice drink taken in to bed)

It is this drifting which is so important, just allowing the mind to go along like a yacht becalmed.

It is hopeless trying to keep it a blank; just letting it flit gently from one thought to another is far more effective.

**It is no good saying count sheep. Who wants to count sheep?**

Some interesting, pleasurable but intricate thought is far more likely to do the trick.

If, for instance, your wife has made a study of flower arrangements she might try thinking of a large bunch of mixed flowers in detail, impressing on her mind what they are, and then, lying there quite relaxed and with her eyes closed, she should work out exactly how she would arrange them.

If your wife thinks of real problems, such as how she is going

to make both ends meet with the housekeeping, she certainly will not go to sleep on it.

If your wife suffers from any kind of sleeplessness, persuade her that the last thing she should do is to suffer from it. Neither her body nor her mind will suffer as long as she does not worry.

Dreaming is as natural as sleeping.

If your wife is troubled by

dreams, the mere fact that she has dreams may make her think that she does not sleep sufficiently soundly.

Tell her that to dream is natural, that nearly everyone dreams four or five times at night. Those people who say that they never dream are those who do not remember doing so.

Some people think that they have only one dream just before they wake up, but the truth is that it is the only one they can remember.

It used to be thought that dreams were instantaneous and that a whole complicated and involved dream took place in a fraction of a second, but this is now known not to be the case.

Dreams may last from a few minutes to anything up to an hour, but an average dream lasts about 20 minutes.

The speed at which events happen in a dream is roughly the same as they would occur in real life.

**Far from being unrestful, dreams are as much part of the resting process as sleep itself.**

We do not fully understand the nature of sleep itself.

It used to be thought that there is a "sleep centre" in the brain, but the latest idea is that there is no "sleep centre" but a "wakefulness centre" instead.

When the "wakefulness centre" is so tired that it can no longer act, we go to sleep.

### Fatigue

Everything slows down during sleep. The heart slows down from an average of 72 beats per minute to 60 or even less.

Breathing slows down from an average of 16 breaths per minute to 12, or in some people fewer still.

The blood pressure falls.

The brain goes on regardless. It does not necessarily relax during sleep. Having no muscles either to get tired or to need rest, it is capable of going on continually.

What is thought to be brain fatigue is really muscle fatigue, emotional fatigue, or anxiety, or merely boredom.

Some people can lie quite still with the eyes open and arise quite as refreshed as if they have been asleep.

**This is difficult. Perhaps it is better still to close the eyes.**

Some people find that a drink early in the evening enables them to sleep better.

It really depends on what you are used to, because in some people the preparations for sleep have to follow a ritualistic pattern.

Any drink containing caffeine, like tea or coffee, may destroy sleep, and drinks of this type should be avoided by all poor sleepers.

When the doctor has ordered some sleeping tablets tell your wife to take the correct dose out of the box and place them on her bedside table.

She must then put the box out of reach, for occasionally people take a second dose without realising they have taken the first.

She should then try to sleep with her tablet lying on her bedside table.

This may be all that is required, because, with many people, a pill on the bedside table is as good as a pill in the stomach!

● **From "HOW NOT TO KILL YOUR WIFE," by a Family Doctor, to be published soon by George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London.**

Playing! But it's only ten past six. I don't know how he keeps going. Well he's healthy. That's the most important thing.

Thank goodness he comes in to a good breakfast. Thank goodness for Weet-Bix.

Now that I think of it that's what gives him all that energy. It's a good one that Weet-Bix.

In fact it's Australia's national breakfast. Preferred all year round. With cold milk in summer, hot milk in winter.

## Men of tomorrow need Weet-Bix today

(and that goes for all the family too)





# 1965 SHIFT—all season, all all occasion, high fashion



● Delicious young bowtrimmed shift is made in gaily printed cotton. The design is sleeveless, and the silhouette is slender, figure-moulding, flattering. Ideal dress for summer resort wear.

**F**ROM the look of things, fashionably speaking, it's going to be another wonderful year for the shift — or the skimmer or chemise, as you might label it.

Whatever you call it, it all started back in 1956 when Christian Dior launched the first sack dress.

The sack's shapeless waistless silhouette made it a fashion gimmick — and it scared the men to death.

In the early '60s the sack got a second life. It was not so baggy, and it was called "the little nothing dress."

The little nothing dress reached fame via film star Audrey Hepburn.

Men thought it looked like an underslip, and when it got into the high couture bracket, its price flattened them.

The current shift is first-cousin-several-times-removed to the original sack or little nothing dress, and it's come a long way.

The 1965 line is mostly slender and often shapely. It can be high couture, conservative, pretty, exotic — it no longer makes for laughs.

In all its fresh variations it has a fashionably international following. And why not? It's for all seasons, all purposes, all occasions, and often extravagantly glamorous.

What more could anyone ask of a dress?

—Betty Keep



● Two shifts in black (above). Left, a skimmer with drawstring neck and wide band of ostrich-feather trim at hemline. Baby-doll design has a lei of ribbon at the rounded scooped-out neckline.

● Transparent sleeves add glamor (below) to a form-following shift designed for party nights. It has a bateau neckline, is made in smooth-surface wool. Voluminous sleeves are in spotted sheer.





# purpose,



● Long slender evening shift (above) for grand occasions designed by Guy Laroche. The shift is made in tweed and lavishly trimmed with jewel embroidery. Note chic tulle turban.

● Glamorous six o'clock shift (right) designed by imaginative young French designer Courreges. The shift, sleeveless and short cut, is made in white blister silk and worn with a white space-helmet, white boots, and wrist-length gloves.



● Tubular chemise (below) designed by St. Laurent has a round, collarless neckline and narrow, uncuffed elbow sleeves. It is made in softest wool.



● Beige satin is the material choice for the straight-cut late-day shift, above. The design is collarless, has a shirt fastening. Design by Crahay, of Lanvin.





**“What’s Schweppesmanship?”**  
**“Simply the art of being a good mixer”**  
**“Am I drinking Schweppesmanship?”**  
**“No darling, that’s Schweppes New Cola”**  
**“Can I have some more?”**  
**“If you say please”**

We knew that The Word was spreading. We didn’t realise how far. You see, Schweppesmanship is really for grown-ups—people who mix drinks with Schweppes, and serve them with flair. That’s really all there is to Schweppesmanship. It is simply the art of being a Good Mixer. If you buy one bottle of each of Schweppes Tonic, Dry Ginger Ale, Soda and Bitter Lemon, you are almost there.

All you need is a guest upon whom to practise this pleasant art. If there is a Small Person around your home, who likes to think he’s a Schweppesman just because he drinks Schweppes new Cola, Palato, or Sparkling Lemon, why disillusion him? After all, it’s not the spirit that counts. Schweppesness lasts the whole drink through.





# This teenage party was a hit—without drink

● One day toward the end of the school year, when I was feeling that life for my teenagers was all study, work, and bus travel, I decided that when the exams were actually over (if ever ...) that I would make sure they had a few gaieties.

As we're farmers, it is not practicable to take a vacation in the summer, and the school holidays largely mean work of a different form, particularly for the boys. I broached the subject to a friend who, like us, has a daughter aged nearly 14. She also has a daughter of nearly 16, the same age as our older son, so we decided it would be a good idea to hold a dance.

The necessities as we saw them were (1) a place to hold it—easy, our woolshed; (2) a lively M.C.—easy again, her husband; (3) music—our radiogram; (4) supper—between us we felt that we could manage it, working on the "savories-are-popular" theory.

For drinks, coffee and tea and fruit punch in the shed during the evening so that there would be no excuse for leaving it; (5) guest list—again we did not see any difficulties, the four children attended the same country high school and the two younger ones had the same group of friends; (6) programme—we, as the keener dancers, would attend to the dances, the other parents the games.

Then we read about liquor at unruly teenage parties in a story in *The Australian Women's Weekly* (16/12/64), and a few doubts set in.

We are, both families, very light drinkers, and did not consider even having drink ourselves during the evening. Surely we would not be worried with the gate-crashing type, and surely these children, most of whom we know so well, would not be expecting alcohol?

We went ahead with our plans. A co-operative husband is a must, and mine certainly was.

Although he still had a little crutching to do, he refrained so that the woolshed would smell comparatively sweet.

Splintered boards were replaced, walls hosed, and my daughter, noted for her disinterest in farming matters, actually painted window ledges, etc., until she ran out of paint.

The menu we soon worked out. It was simple but popular fare. Apart from some sponge halves, it was to be all savories based on a salad.

We played through our selection of records and in two afternoons worked out a dance programme, here again helped by the fact that most of the children who were invited attend the same dancing school.

Then one evening while all the children attended the school social my husband and I visited our friends and put the two programmes of dancing and games together.

This added up to a programme rather longer than we thought we would need, which was from 8 until 11.30 p.m.

## A READER'S STORY (The writer has supplied her name and address but wishes to be anonymous.)

We felt that it wouldn't matter if we left some of the items out, but that it would be awful if we came to a fullstop too soon.

The really hard part was working out the guest list.

We felt that 30 would be a nice crowd—not big enough to get out of hand. NOW the trouble started.

There were all those people we had known for ages, but their children weren't the type to fit into ours; there were those people we had known for ages, but didn't necessarily like; there were children we parents liked, but at least one of the four children didn't.

We finally ended with a guest list of 34, of whom four did not come, due to illness and holidays.

## All prepared

On the day before the party, we had supper started, the programme typed out with the list of records, and all the things needed for the games and novelty dances packed in a box.

My husband and the children went off to get a load of greenery next morning while I finished the supper, and the other father arrived with a load of hay bales.

They hung the greenery from the rafters and around the walls, laced streamers in and out, and hung the balloons in clusters.

With the hay bales arranged around the edge it looked lovely and not a bit like the old shed.

All went well until 5 p.m., when a thunderstorm started and my first real qualm began.

Strangely enough, when I had first mentioned the whole idea the other mother had laughingly said: "What if we have a power failure?"

At five past seven this is exactly what happened.

I rang the S.E.C. and explained our plight, but all they could promise us was service as soon as possible.

So then my husband went off to rig up a light from the Land Rover, I looked out our four candles and eyed the Aladdin lamp minus its mantle, and the children alternately shrieked, laughed, and lamented. Then the phone started ringing,

and anxious voices asked what did we intend doing.

Well after all that preparation we only intended doing one thing...

One parent brought along a pressure lamp with his daughter and actually the only serious handicap then was the lack of music.

So our youngest son lent us his treasured 1922 gramophone, handed down complete with records by his grandmother. It broke the ice beautifully and kept things going until our M.C. arrived.

Of course, the guests thought it was all a joke on our part and it took a little while for them to realise that it was quite serious.

Here we were, with 30 energetic young teenagers to entertain—all used to the amenities available to most people their age—and all we could do was play games, not ever very popular.

Our original idea had been to have supper at the house last of all, again so there'd be no excuse for couples wandering about.

But when we still had no power at 10 p.m. we decided to have supper then in the hope that we could at least finish with a dance.

There was a sing-song in progress around the piano when oh, joy, we were flooded with light.

This was greeted with loud shouts and cheers, and they all trooped off to jive, with the carefully worked-out programme quite discarded.

At 11.30 we ended a wonderfully happy evening with Auld Lang Syne and had to send all those lovely children on their way.

It really touched us all. They had so obviously come to enjoy themselves—and did so, even without any hard liquor and without music for most of the night.

My final word of advice to parents is that no matter what type of party is being given, careful planning is essential. Where would we have been without all those games and the things needed for those games? Our M.C. was wonderful, but more wonderful were those children. They made us feel so grateful for being able to ask them.

## Beauty Salon Hints

Mrs. M. Reynolds,  
Beauty Skin Care  
Consultant



MANY beautiful women retain their complexion youthfulness and radiance even though they are in their mature years because they make a "must" of simple daily care. This helps nature to make you feel and look more beautiful irrespective of the years. Here are some suggestions to help you towards a peaches-and-cream loveliness.

### Milky Loveliness

A DELICATE skin will rejoice with a rich reward of radiant beauty by combining two tablespoons of warm fresh milk with a tablespoon of Oil of Ulan. Use several pieces of cotton wool and gently smooth the liquid over the skin until you feel it is clear, clean and pure. Gently stroke the balance of the liquid over your skin so the moist Oil of Ulan sinks into the skin cells to nourish and give your complexion velvet smoothness.

### A Beautiful Neck

A BEAUTIFUL face deserves a beautiful neck. A routine toning is of immense value for it prevents the neck and throat from becoming slack and lined. Soak a pad of cotton wool in lemon delf freshener and briskly pat both neck and throat in an upward and outward direction, whipping up the circulation so that sluggish skin cells are re-activated, and any tendency to sallowness is corrected. Follow this with a smoothing of moist Oil of Ulan to give the neck clear, smooth beauty.

### Smooth Elbows

SMOOTH and lovely elbows will enhance the beauty of your arms. Combine a teaspoon each of white sugar, lemon delf freshener and Oil of Ulan, and rub the mixture well into the elbows until the skin becomes pink and clean. Remove pack with warm water, dry thoroughly and then smooth in a rich film of Oil of Ulan to nourish and promote a silky smooth surface.

### Teenage Radiance

BEAUTY advice to the teenager with the bloom of youthful loveliness is to let simplicity be your golden rule. When making-up tone the skin with a lemon delf freshener and smooth in a film of Oil of Ulan to hold a light dusting of powder and give your final make-up a matt finish. Oil of Ulan will preserve and nourish your skin, ensuring a line-free complexion for the years ahead.



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● Staffordshire ornament

## Collectors' Corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

A PHOTOGRAPH of an ornament with blue throat, cream base, golden handle, numbers 2231 and 18 under the base with a few other small marks is attached. We have had the ornament in the family for many years. I have also a wine glass (not photographed) in the shape of a thistle which, I believe, is hand-made. — Mrs. F. V. Savage, East Malvern, Victoria.

Your ornament is Staffordshire, about 1880 and 1890. The glass is Victorian, about 1875 to 1885.

WILL you please give me some particulars about three vases? The paintings on them are by H. Zatski. The large vase has a girl with a dove on arm, fan in hand, arrow quiver on hip, and the word "Feeling" is written on the side of the vase. The second vase has a girl smelling flowers and the word "Smell" written on it. The third vase has a girl eating an apple with the word "Taste" written on it.



● Transfer-printed vases

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Johnson & Johnson

The large vase is 10 1/2 in. high and the smaller ones are 8 1/2 in. The china has a crown with the word "Victoria" over the top.

I have another vase (not photographed) which has a painting called "Marie Antoinette" on the front. It is green with gold flowers on it and is marked "Empire works, Stoke on Trent, England" with letters which look like E.P. Co. and figures 715/488 K. — Mrs. H. Wildman, Smith Grafton, N.S.W.

The vases pictured here are of German origin about 70 or 80 years old. You suggest that they are painted, but having frequently encountered similar vases I have noted that the design is usually transfer-printed and then hand coloring has been applied. They are not scarce or valuable.

Your second query about your vase (not pictured) I can answer by saying that that, too, is transfer-printed and made about 1910.



● Silver scissors

I HAVE a pair of silver scissors with grapevine handles. Could you tell me how old they are? The silver mark on one blade is T.L., a crown, a lion, and F, and on the other blade T.L. and a lion. — Mrs. R. G. Bartlett, Willaura, Victoria.

Your late Victorian sterling silver grape scissors of attractive design and bearing the Sheffield Assay Office hallmarks were most probably made by T. Levesby in 1898 to 1899.

### OUR TRANSFER



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# Home Plans Service



518

**PERSPECTIVE** shows carport, next to the front door, which is sufficiently roomy to hold two cars while giving clear access to the entry.

● This week's plan, No. 518, is a three-bedroom design which, because of the minimum amount of corridor space, is very compact.

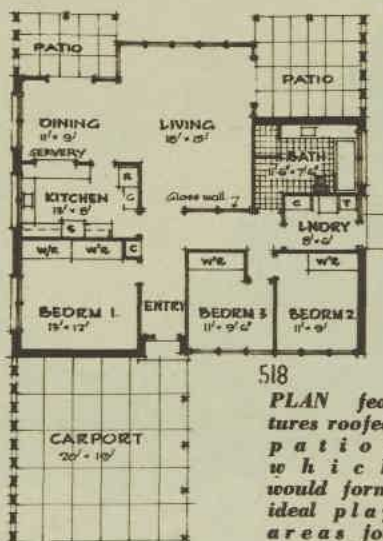
**THE** width of the actual plan in brick is 39ft.: area is 12 squares in brick and 11.25 in timber frame, excluding roofed patios and carport.

The carport is wide enough for two cars and yet allows for easy access to the front door. This means also that during wet weather there is a covered way from the car straight to the entrance.

When choosing a site for this plan, it should be borne in mind that the living, dining, and outdoor living areas are to the rear of the house and this section should face north, north-east if possible.

Plan 518 would be ideal for a site having sun and a view to the rear. Both the living- and dining-rooms open on to roofed patios and these could form part of walled or fenced courtyards.

The floor plan shows a servery in the dining-room, but a buffet arrangement could be used instead of this and the room separated from the living-room by accordion doors or a wall with double doors.



518

**PLAN** features roofed patios which would form ideal play areas for the children.

A large laundry has been allowed for, and there is plenty of space in it for doing the family ironing. Being adjacent to the main plumbing and draining of the bathroom, it is in an economical position.

The laundry has a separate exit to a small yard at the side, which means that clothes-lines need not mar the patio areas.

The perspective shows a flat roof and this could either be of the metal tray type or built-up membranes topped with white gravel.

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- Hobart: FitzGerald's (27221).  
Adelaide: 47 South Terrace (51-1798).  
Hustone, 4th Floor, John Martin, Rundle St. (23-3449).  
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St. (Box 409F, G.P.O.), (22-691).  
Toowoomba: 409a Ruthven St. (2-2496).  
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Dr. Scholl's Air-Pillo insoles cushion feet from toes to heels. Soft latex foam-like walking on pillows! All sizes. A pair. 5/9



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Stop pain fast with these super-soft, soothing pads. Cushion tender spot, end shoe pressure and friction instantly. Tailored to fit snugly without bulk. Special medicated discs included remove corns, callouses the fastest, safest way known. Pkts. 3/9



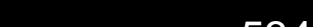
### BALL OF FOOT PAIN

Dr. Scholl's Ball-o-Foot Cushion relieves amazingly. Stops burning pain; ends callouses, hard skin on soles. Loops 5/9 over toe. Pr. 5/9



### SORE, ACHING FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm soothes and refreshes weary feet. Relieves soreness, tenderness. Massage daily. Tins 4/- Jar 5/9



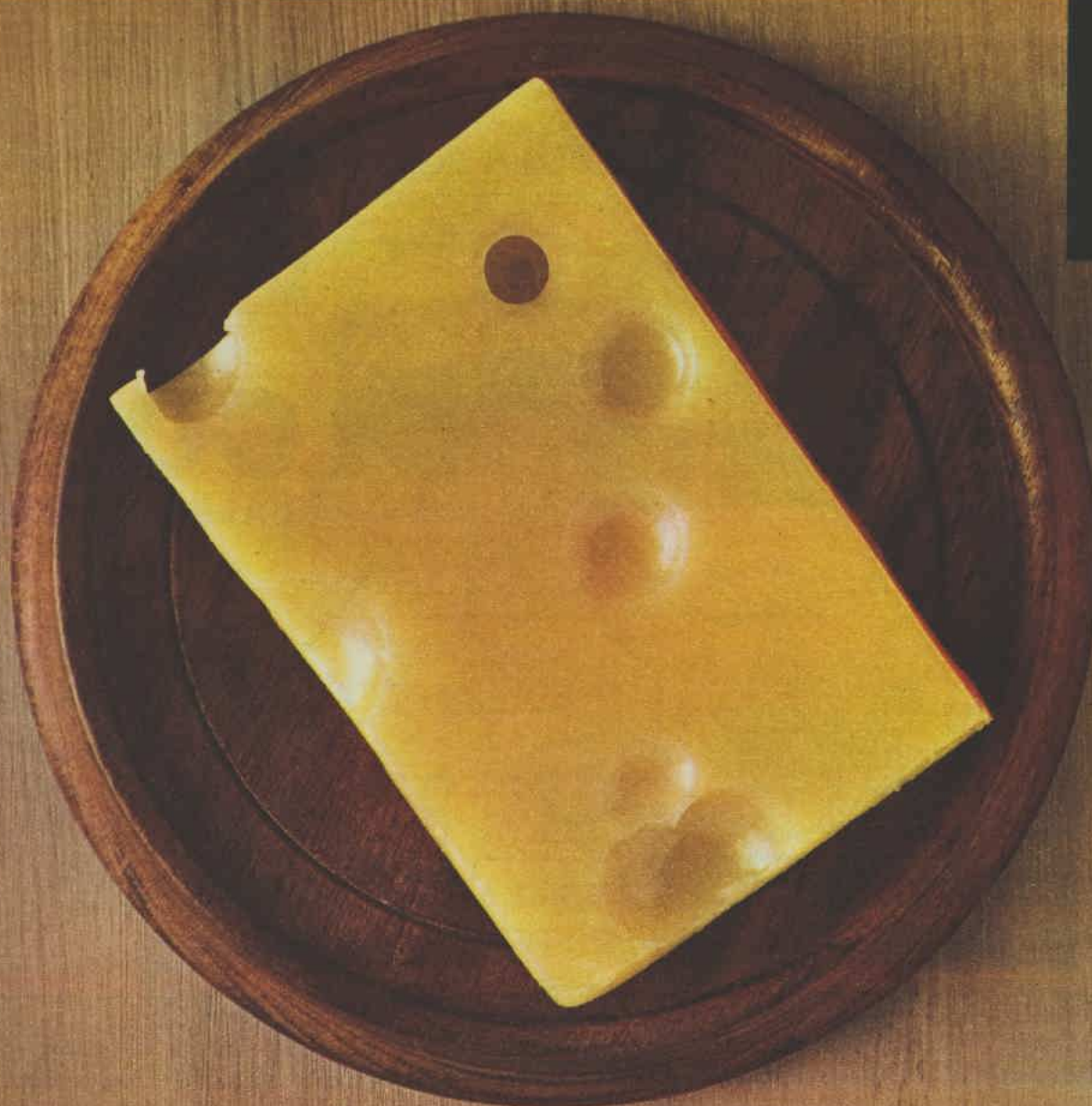
For every common foot trouble there's a Dr. Scholl's remedy

**Dr. Scholl's**  
WORLD-FAMED FOOT AIDS  
from your chemist or Scholl retailer





Step ahead with  
Westinghouse



## Does food come out of your fridge just as fresh as it went in?

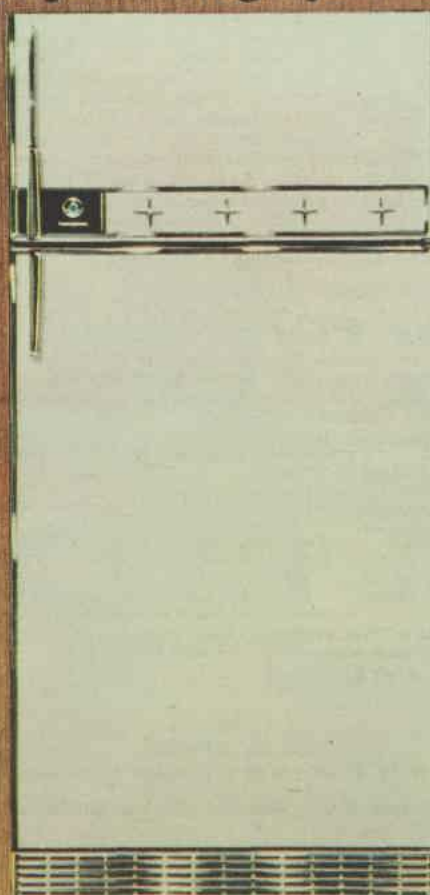
Or has it sometimes passed its prime by the time you're ready to eat it?

If, after a few days, your cheese hardens and crumbles, or if you've ever thought twice about cooking meat that has shrunk and darkened or vegetables that have wrinkled and lost their snap, the thing to really think about is why this should happen.

Your refrigerator is absorbing essential moisture from your food in the process of chilling it.

You can prevent this. One way is to individually plastic-wrap each item before storing it in the refrigerator. This delays the drying out for a few extra days.

Another way is to keep your food in the most up-to-date refrigerator there is—one that just can't dry out food. This is the very newest Westinghouse two-door refrigerator home-freezer in which a unique, auto-defrost system creates and maintains a moist-cold condition throughout the entire area of the refrigerator.



Moist-cold does what older type refrigerators can't do—it automatically guards the freshness of food, its colour, its flavour, its texture.

The top door on the new Westinghouse opens a separate compartment which operates independently of the moist-cold refrigerator; a true deep freeze that will preserve 100 lbs. of food for months on end.

Other features are that ice-cubes will not "stick," that the interior holds the odd shapes of all those bits and pieces you expect your refrigerator to store.

Good food is costly. Preserving its goodness isn't—not with the terms and trade-ins your Westinghouse retailer can offer.

You can be sure if it's . . .



# Westinghouse

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 17, 1965



# 4 economy menus

FOR LESS THAN 2/6 PER PERSON

● You'll be proud to serve these attractive and imaginative menus of main dishes and desserts that are low in cost but high in quality and taste. Recipes and prices are overleaf.



**MENU 2 SERVES FOUR:** Total cost, 9/11. The main dish is hamburgers, and the easy dessert is this delicious Lemon-Cream Rice.



**MENU 3 SERVES FOUR:** Total cost, 9/3. Potato Meat Loaf has carrots in the centre. The dessert is Caramel Meringue Pie.



**MENU 1 SERVES FOUR:** Total cost is 9/6. Beef Curry, followed by Lemon-Drop Pancakes, makes this meal.



**MENU 4 SERVES SIX:** Total cost is 14/9. Brawn, Potato Salad, and Apple Snow comprise this menu.

From our  
Leila Howard  
Test  
Kitchen

Continued overleaf



## 4 ECONOMY MENUS . . . continued

### MENU 1: Serves four

#### BEEF CURRY WITH RICE

(Cost, 7/3)

One and a half pounds chuck steak, 1 tablespoon margarine, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 clove garlic, 1 apple, 1 tablespoon chutney, grated rind  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, 1 tomato,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, salt, 1lb. rice.

Pound steak until flat, cut into pieces about 1in. square. Heat margarine in pan, add sliced onion and crushed garlic; cook until onion is transparent. Add peeled, diced apple and curry powder; cook few minutes longer. Add meat and peeled, chopped tomato. Mix well, cook gently, stirring, until meat changes color. Add chutney, lemon rind, and water. Cook, stirring occasionally, until almost boiling, then reduce heat, cook gently until meat is tender (about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours). Add extra water during cooking if necessary. Just before serving add lemon juice; season to taste. Serve with hot boiled rice.

### LEMON-DROP PANCAKES

(Cost, 2/3)

Two cups self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk, 1 teaspoon baking-powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons melted butter, grated rind  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, extra sugar, lemon juice.

Sift flour, baking-powder, salt, and sugar. Make well in centre of ingredients, add beaten eggs and milk. Beat to smooth batter; add melted butter and lemon rind. Heat pan, grease lightly with butter, pour little batter into pan. Cook until browned underneath and bubbles appear on surface. Turn over, brown other side. Serve hot, sprinkled with lemon juice and sugar.

### MENU 2: Serves four

#### TOMATO HAMBURGERS

(Cost, 7/6)

One and half pounds hamburger steak, salt, pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon mixed herbs, 2 tablespoons oil,  $\frac{1}{2}$  green pepper

(diced), 1 clove garlic (crushed), 2 small sliced onions, 1lb. chopped, skinned tomatoes, pinch cayenne pepper, teaspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 clove, 2 dessertspoons flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water.

Season minced steak with salt, pepper and herbs. Shape into 6 cakes about 1in. thick (or into 8 flatter cakes). Brown on both sides in well-greased pan. Place in ovenproof dish. Heat oil, add green pepper, onions, and garlic, cover and cook gently until soft but not brown. Add tomatoes, cayenne sugar, vinegar, clove, and Worcestershire sauce. Cook over low heat 20 minutes; add salt to taste. Blend 2 dessertspoons flour with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, stir into tomato mixture. Stir over simmer 5 minutes. Remove clove, pour sauce over burgers. Bake in moderately hot oven 15 minutes. Serve hot.

### LEMON-CREAM RICE

(Cost, 2/5)

Four ounces rice, 2oz. sugar, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, grated rind  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, extra 4 tablespoons sugar.

Drop rice into large saucepan of rapidly boiling water; boil 5 minutes, drain. Combine in saucepan the rice, milk, sugar, and lemon rind, bring slowly to boil, then cover and simmer gently until milk is almost absorbed. Separate egg-beat egg-yolks into hot milk. Pour mixture into casserole dish.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually beat in extra sugar. Spoon or pipe meringue on top of lemon-rice. Bake in moderate oven until meringue is lightly browned. Serve warm or cold.

### MENU 3: Serves four

#### POTATO MEAT LOAF

(Cost, 6/3)

Three pounds potatoes (cooked and mashed), 2lb. sausage mince, 3 carrots (cooked), 1 egg, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon oregano, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, prepared mustard.

Add parsley to the hot mashed potatoes. Beat egg with oregano, salt, pepper; mix well with sausage mince. On sheet of waxed paper press meat into rectangle 9in. x 11in., keeping edges thinner than centre. Spread meat lightly with prepared mustard. Spread mashed potato on meat to within 1in. of edges. Arrange carrots along one side. Roll up like a cigar roll. Place in shallow baking-pan, seam-side down. Bake in moderate oven 50 minutes. Serve with extra carrots, sliced thinly, cooked until tender and glazed with little hot melted butter.

### CARAMEL MERINGUE PIE

(Cost, 3/-)

One 9in. baked pastry-shell,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 egg-yolks,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar, vanilla,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup white sugar, 1oz. margarine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vinegar.

Meringue: Two egg-whites, 4 tablespoons sugar. Blend cornflour, brown sugar, and beaten egg-yolks with milk. Cook gently, stirring, until mixture boils and thickens. Heat white sugar, margarine, and vinegar in separate saucepan until mixture is light caramel color, then quickly beat into custard mixture; add vanilla. Allow to cool. Fill in baked pastry-shell, top with meringue.

Meringue: Beat egg-whites until stiff but not dry, gradually add sugar, continue beating until mixture is of meringue consistency. Pile on to caramel filling, bake in slow oven 10 minutes or until lightly browned.

### MENU 4: Serves six

#### FAMILY-STYLE BRAWN

(Cost, 7/-)

Two large knuckles of veal, 1lb. shin beef, water, 1 finely chopped onion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon mixed spice, 2 cloves, few peppercorns, 1 dessertspoon gelatine mixed with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of stock, 1 dessertspoon salt.

Place meat in tepid water to cover with the onion, spices, cloves, peppercorns, and salt. Simmer gently, covered, 3 to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours, or until meat begins to leave bones. Remove meat from bones, chop finely. Strain stock, mix meat with strained stock and dissolved gelatine. Pour into well-oiled mould. Refrigerate until firm, turn out of mould. Serve with Curried Potato Salad and salad greens if desired.

### CURRIED POTATO SALAD

(Cost, 4/9)

Six large potatoes,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup french dressing, 1 cup white onions (chopped), 2 cups mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon curry powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Peel potatoes, cook until tender but still firm. Allow to cool; cut into small cubes, place in large bowl, sprinkle with the french dressing. Gently mix in chopped onions and parsley. Blend  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mayonnaise with curry powder and salt, then stir in remaining mayonnaise. Fold mayonnaise into potato mixture, mix well.

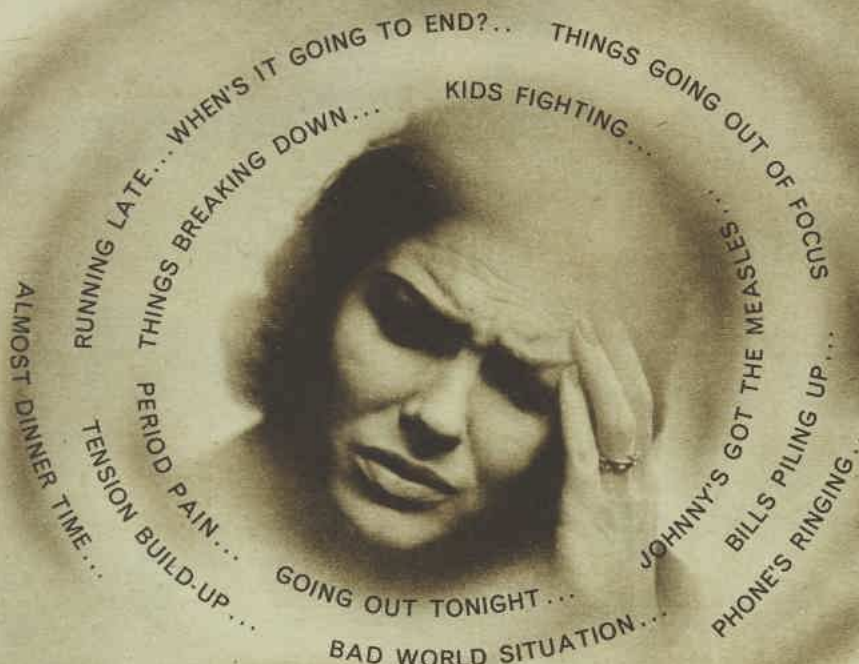
### APPLE SNOW

(Cost, 3/-)

Two pounds apples (about 4 large apples), 3 tablespoons water, 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 egg-whites,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, coconut, 3 glace cherries.

Peel and core apples, chop roughly, place in saucepan with water and butter. Cook over gentle heat until apples are very soft. Rub through sieve, fold into stiffly beaten egg-whites (to which sugar and lemon juice have been added). Spoon into individual glasses; top with sprinkling of coconut and glace cherry half.

## Get off the tension merry-go-round....



## take 'ASPRO' and take it easy!

We live in troubled times. Everyone seems to be under pressure of one kind or another. How to get away from it all . . . that's the great problem for the majority of us who have to keep going day after day.

But the situation is not new, neither is people's desire to do something about it. As far back as can be traced, people sought tranquillity. Today, much is heard of drugs for tranquillising, yet the ancients had their means of inducing tranquillity. The first was the produce of the grape (alcohol) in all its forms. Then followed narcotics derived from the poppy (opium) and the use of opium itself.

Today there are the modern tranquillisers with hazards that are becoming increasingly apparent. A lot of mystery surrounds them.

But it should be borne in mind that tranquillisers are not the most readily available nor most appropriate means of tackling the problems and discomforts that occur in everyday life from tension.

The most effective thing anyone can do is to stop the headaches and nagging pains,

and the irritability that goes with them. Once that is done, nature can come to your aid; tranquillity and equanimity will naturally follow.

### ASPRO's SOOTHING ACTION

Under today's conditions of rush, 'ASPRO' can be said to be a more modern medicine than at any time before. This is because of its soothing, 'sympathetic' type of action. It is not nerve-jumping, nor addictive and at the same time no analgesic represents a purer, more harm-free yet effective form of dispelling the discomforts of tension.

Furthermore, no one can become accustomed to 'ASPRO' with frequent use, so that no matter how frequently or regularly you take 'ASPRO', it always acts with its usual maximum effectiveness.

**'ASPRO'**  
6d. 2/- 6/6



Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all our recipes.



## Pastry-covered loaf wins prize

● A Queensland reader has won the £5 prize this week with a recipe for a meat loaf encased in crisp golden pastry.

**P**ACKET soup gives the prizewinning meat loaf its distinctive chicken flavor. All spoon measurements are level.

### CHICKEN AND VEAL LOAF

**Pastry:** Twelve ounces self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 6oz. margarine, 4 or 5 tablespoons cold water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.  
**Filling:** Three-quarters pound minced steak and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. minced veal (or  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. hamburger steak), 3 gherkins (chopped), 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, 1 packet cream of chicken soup, 1 egg, 3 hard-boiled eggs, little egg or milk for glazing, salad vegetables.

**Prepare pastry:** Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in margarine, mix to dry dough with water and lemon juice. Turn on to floured board, cut into 2-3rd and 1-3rd sections. Roll out larger section, fill into loaf-tin approximately  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$  in. Combine meats, gherkin, bread-

crumbs, packet soup mix and beaten egg; mix well. Press half this mixture into tin. Make 3 hollows down centre of loaf, place shelled hard-boiled egg in each. Press remaining meat mixture on top. Roll out reserved pastry, fit on top. Trim edges, pinch frill round edge or use fork to make pattern. Make a few incisions along top, glaze with egg or milk. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, then

reduce heat to moderate, bake further 50 to 60 minutes. Allow to cool in tin 10 minutes before turning out. Cool thoroughly before slicing. Serve with salad ingredients.

Or if desired the loaf could be served hot, with a spicy tomato sauce and cooked vegetables.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Sloan, 11 Down Street, Scarness, Hervey Bay, Qld.



CHICKEN AND VEAL LOAF: Recipe at left.

## HOME HINTS

● Readers win £1/1/- for each of these useful household hints.

**S**AVE handles and tops of brightly colored ball-point pens. They make excellent markers for seed rows, bulb plantings, etc., in your garden, and can be used many times. — Mrs. F. Hutcheon, 42 Teralba Rd., Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W.

Black china bowls and ebony articles which have become dull can be greatly improved by rubbing with a little petroleum jelly. Leave on about half an hour, then rub off and the original rich gloss will return. — Mrs. Irene D. Lewis, 417 Sea View Rd., Henley Beach, S.A.

To keep buttons of the same kind together, thread them on to a safety pin. Matching buttons will be easier to find if this is done. — Mrs. Pamela N. Fox, 11 Hope St., Dickson, A.C.T.

To pluck a fowl or duck, plunge the bird into boiling water in which one tablespoon soap powder has been dissolved. The bird can be plucked in a few minutes. Wash it well in cold water before baking to remove any soapy flavor. — Mrs. M. J. Edwards, 55 Cook St., Muswellbrook, N.S.W.

Let-down hem marks won't show if you make a solution of 1 cup hot water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vinegar, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon borax. Dip a pressing cloth in solution, wring out and lay over hem mark on wrong side. Press well. When garment is dry, brush with a soft cloth. — Miss Joan Mader, 513 Neil St., Ballarat, Vic.

To prevent a large jar of peanut butter going dry at the bottom, stand the sealed jar upside down when replacing it in the cupboard after use. This keeps the paste oily and easy to spread to the last. — Mrs. D. Rose, 122 Dunne St., Sandgate Nth., Brisbane.

When applying polish to furniture, try using a damp cloth instead of the usual dry one. Polish with a soft, dry duster to give a mirror-like surface. This will make the furniture more resistant to finger-marks, too. — Miss Beryl Gossamer, 14 Oswald St., Campsie, N.S.W.

If you slice too many tomatoes and want to keep them fresh for the next day, stack the slices, with the smallest one at the bottom, into a cup. Put the heel of the tomato on the top slice. The slices will keep fresh for days if stored this way. — Mrs. E. T. Erdmann, Woodside, S.A.



## New diamond-bright Gossamer the only hair spray that passes the close-up test

Close as a snuggle and nobody knows it's there on your hair . . . this is the new, clear, clean look of diamond-bright Gossamer, the only hair spray that passes the close-up test. New Gossamer accents the subtle highlights in any hairstyle, yet holds so beautifully, there's never a wisp in sight. New Gossamer is so clear, so clean, so right . . . and it brushes right out at night.

Trust only Gossamer

HANDY PURSE SIZE 5/11, REGULAR 10/6, LARGE 16/6.



ST953 64



# Painful Haemorrhoids?

ORAL\* TREATMENT ASSISTS IN RELIEF FROM THE DISTRESS OF HAEMORRHOIDS

Swiss Varemoid tablet after-meals therapy treats the cause positively and in short time.

The Varemoid method is effective as an adjunct in the treatment of haemorrhoids. It is an especially convenient treatment. You merely take your tablets after meals. By this simple, dignified method, you eliminate the unpleasantness of suppositories and other means of temporary relief from piles.

Ten years' Swiss research developed tri-(hydroxyethyl)-rutosidum—preferred therapy for inflammation of the anal veins. Its effectiveness is established in years of testing on actual haemorrhoid sufferers. Remarkable improvement was recorded with patients, many of whom had suffered for more than 15 years. A week's course will convince you. Ask your chemist today for Varemoid tablets.

★ Two tablets after meals three times a day to be swallowed whole.



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Wiltshire

STEAK and GRILL KNIVES feature

HAND GROUND SCALLOPED SERRATIONS

Pick up a Wiltshire grill knife and look closely at the cutting edge. You'll notice the serrations are miniatures of the scalloped edges on bread or slicing knives. These fine scalloped serrations, hand tapered-ground by Australian craftsmen, give you a smooth, continuous cutting action — won't tear meat as imitations do.



Wiltshire grill knives are available with large or small scalloped serrations and with a wide variety of handles. They can be purchased individually, in attractive gift packs of 2, 4 or 6, or in sets with matching grill forks. Prices from as low as \$5/- for a set of 6.

Ask for Wiltshire Grill Knives... part of the range of more than 100 Wiltshire cutlery lines stocked by all good stores.

Like Walking on Pillows

1. Relieve painful Calluses.
2. Cushioned comfort, ease pressure on nerves of the feet.
3. Help lessen strain of standing or walking.

Dr. Scholl's AIR-PILLO INSOLES

Look for the Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Counter at Chemists & Scholl Retailers

THE IDEAL GIFT! A SUBSCRIPTION TO The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Rates	1/2 Year	1 Year
Aust.	£1/14/6	£3/9/-
N. Guinea	£2/3/6	£4/7/-
New Zealand & Fiji	£2/12/-	£5/4/-
Brit. Dom.	£2/12/6	£5/5/-
Foreign	£3/5/6	£6/11/-

"Why don't you say something? Don't you think it's wonderful?"

"Of course I do, darling; but as the girls say, 'This is so sudden.' Does your mother know?"

"I just telephoned her and told her. She thinks it's wonderful, too."

The muscles of Mr. Potter's face relaxed visibly. "And so do I, Pegasus. Sam's a great boy. I like him."

"Naturally, Pops. How could you help it? But he's not a boy. He's three years older than I am, and he's got the best brain in the United States. Absolutely. That can't hurt your feelings, Pops, 'cause you're not a scientist, you're a genius."

"Never mind that stuff," he said. "When are you and this fireball planning to do all this?"

"Do all what?"

"Get married. Isn't that what we were talking about?"

"Oh, I don't know, Pops. I'm too happy to think of details. Right away — now — as far as I'm concerned. But we can discuss that later. The important thing is that we're going to. I won't hold you up any longer, Pops."

"I want to phone Cynthia and Linda and Sally, and that Mr. Henderson is probably waiting for you in Miss Adelaide's office, chewing his nails off. See you tonight. Sam's coming to dinner. He's scared to death. I just wanted to let you know the good news."

"God bless you," he said. It sounded rather lugubrious, but it was all he could think of to say.

"Same to you. See you tonight."

The phone clicked. He replaced the receiver slowly on its cradle. Then he took it off again and pressed a button. "Miss Adelaide, tell Henderson I'm sorry, but I'm tied up for a while. Something unexpected. I'll let him know when I'm free."

"I didn't call him," she said. "Oh, it's such wonderful news, Mr. Potter, I'm so happy for you all."

He pushed back his chair, lit a cigarette and walked to the window, wondering how Miss Adelaide always seemed to know about his private life before he did. But it was Miss Adelaide's business to know about everything, so he dismissed the matter from his mind.

He wanted time to think about Peggy, to get used to this new idea. First Cynthia, then Linda, then Sally, now Peggy — all within eight years. With his youngest daughter gone, the house in which the four of them had grown up, from babies to attractive women, would be empty except for Katy and him.

What did he expect? Did he want to keep them with him until they were shrivelled old maids? They had their own lives to lead. If only they all weren't so eager to leave

Continued from page 19

the nest, the way Peggy had been on the phone just now!

Well, he'd better plan to sell a few bonds. What an expensive operation this nest-leaving ceremony had become! When he and Katy were married, way back in '31, there hadn't been more than twenty people at their wedding. Her father had been all but wiped out in 1929, and twenty was all the traffic would bear.

They didn't even have a honeymoon. He had been with the company only a few years; but a week before the wedding, old Mr. Quinn had had a stroke. He had sent for young Potter to come to his house.

~~~~~

## FROM THE BIBLE

• Then Zedekiah the king asked Jeremiah secretly in his house, and said, "Is there any word from the Lord?" And Jeremiah said, "There is."

—Jeremiah 37:17.

~~~~~

Jeff would never forget that interview. Mr. Quinn, lying in a huge bed, looking beaten and helpless; he, standing at the foot of the bed, trying to look cheerful and at ease.

"Jeff," Mr. Quinn had said, "as you know, I've been running this business pretty much single-handed. I thought I was everlasting, and I never trained anyone to succeed me. The doctors tell me I will be able to go back to work eventually, but I can never carry the full load again. There's no one in the plant capable of doing it."

THE old man had been silent for several seconds, and young Potter had been conscious of the ticking of the clock on the bedside table. "Except possibly you. If I go outside for a man, he'll want to take over, and I'm finished. If I made you president and kept the executive power for a few years, we might make a go of it."

And that had been the end of the Potters' honeymoon.

The business had been a small one at that time; but when old Mr. Quinn died, he had made it possible for his young president to acquire control. The company had grown. It would never be big business; but it had enabled Mr. Potter to bring up his family of females in the way that was generally referred to as "comfortable."

That didn't mean, however, that he could toss off Spectaculars like the last three

weddings and not have it hurt. He was just recovering from the financial trauma of Sally's pageant two years ago. Now here he was, faced with another.

His lower jaw thrust forward pugnaciously. He'd learned his lesson three times. He wasn't going to be taken for a buggy ride again. He knew what counted in these affairs and what didn't; what was necessary and what could be eliminated. It was the last canter around the ring, and for once he proposed to be ringmaster.

Crossing the room with a firm stride, he opened the door to the outer office. "Miss Adelaide, will you get Mrs. Potter on the phone."

Dinner was over. Mr. Potter, Peggy, and Sam were gathered round the sofa, watching Mrs. Potter pour the coffee. Mr. Potter was struck by the similarity of gesture and speech between his wife and daughter. It had always been so. Mrs. Potter wore her fifty-four years lightly, and Peggy would do the same.

Both were gay and brimming with the love of life; both were sentimental idealists. They were more like sisters than mother and daughter. Mrs. Potter was growing a bit plumper, perhaps, and her hair was streaked with grey; but to him she was more lovely looking than she had ever

been. Some women age that.

They had discussed this all during dinner, although Sam, usually self-assured and full of ideas, had suddenly shy and silent. His face expressed anxiety rather than joy as he listened to bride and future mother-in-law making excited plans.

"I must get out the wedding list and bring it up to date," said Mrs. Potter. "At least, we won't have to go through that ordeal again."

Mr. Potter decided this was the time to detach himself, to assume his role as ringmaster. "Listen, darling, let's face it. Peggy don't have big, splashy weddings any more. Times have changed. Peggy and Sam don't want the kind of thing we put on for the other girls."

Sam's face brightened. "I deed we don't, sir."

To page 53

## Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be between 2000 to 4000 words; short stories 1100 to 1500 words, articles up to 1000 words. Enclose stamp to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

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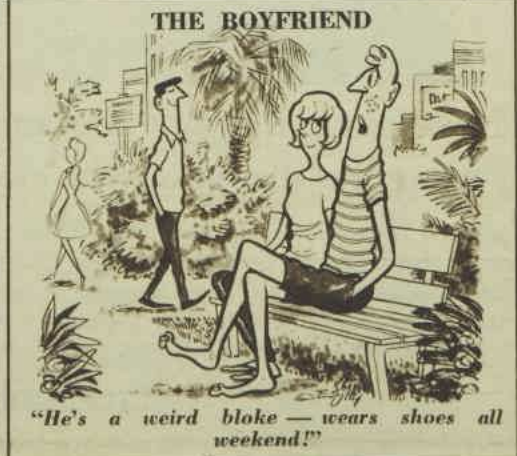
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"He's a weird bloke — wears shoes all weekend!"



## THE FOURTH BRIDE

Peggy didn't look quite so sure. Mrs. Potter put down the coffee-pot. "Now, look, Jeff. Every time one of the girls has begun to talk about getting married, you've started to get the jitters. The other three have all had beautiful weddings, and I certainly don't intend my little Peggy to have a shoddy one."

"Who's talking about a shoddy? I don't intend her to have a shoddy wedding, either; but we've learned something about weddings. We know the places where we can cut, and let me tell you, the way prices are going

"Where?" interrupted Mrs. Potter. "Where can we cut?" Her voice was a challenge.

"Well, I hadn't meant to go into details — but, Sam, you're one of the family now, so you might just as well sit in on the autopsy. Just take some wedding lists, Katy. We don't have to have every Tom, Dick, and Harry we ever knew. They've all had their feet in the trough three times."

"Jeff, for goodness' sake, don't talk about your daughters' weddings as if they were haywards."

"Well, you know exactly what I mean. Why do we have to put on a Roman orgy for half of Cleveland just because one of our daughters is leaving us to run off with a strange man?" Sam quipped slightly. "Excuse me, Sam. This doesn't apply to you, of course. But how much more dignified it would be to have a small reception — just a few real friends — right here in this house."

"Cut out all the marquee stuff, and the orchestra that nobody can hear, anyway, and a lot of caterers taking over as if this were some kind of a hotel."

Mrs. Potter looked at her husband anxiously. He was getting worked up, and you never could tell what was going to happen once he began working up.

"It could all be so simple," Mr. Potter went on. "The girls make a lot of sandwiches and that sort of thing and — well, that's all there is to it. As for serving champagne, it's ridiculous. Nobody likes champagne."

"I do," murmured Peggy, unheard.

"Suppose you had people for dinner and offered them

champagne instead of cocktails. Half of them would pour it in the flowerpots. What do you give them? You give them martinis or whisky on the rocks." Mr. Potter glared around the circle as if seeking contradiction.

Mrs. Potter restricted herself to an audible snort. Sam nodded approvingly.

"Now we're getting somewhere," Mr. Potter felt that, for once, he had the situation in hand. "A small reception. No marquee, no champagne, no caterers, just plenty of good things to eat and drink, but everything simple and wholesome."

"It's ridiculous," said Mrs. Potter. "With all the people we know. It's ridiculous."

"Well, as a matter of fact, if you insist on asking everybody you ever met, just ask them to the church. That doesn't cost anything. You ask people to see your daughter get married, don't

of ushers and bridesmaids. They were so jammed up around the altar at your sisters' weddings there wasn't enough room for the bride and groom. The poor ushers have to rent cutaways, and the bridesmaids have to buy fancy-dress costumes. And I have to buy a new cutaway."

"On top of that, the bridesmaids have to be given a lot of expensive flowers to carry down the aisle and leave in the first cloakroom they come to, and they all have to be given presents, to say nothing —"

"Pops," pleaded Peggy, "couldn't you leave out some of the commercial details? Sam will be scared to have a family for fear one might be a daughter."

"Pegasus, this may be the only chance I'll have to speak my mind," Mrs. Potter nodded positive agreement, but Mr. Potter gave her no chance to interrupt. "And then we come to the bride



you? Well, that's where they get married—in the church. Of course, you won't receive as many presents that way," he hurried on, anticipating objections, "but look what your sisters got. A lot of expensive dishes and glasses and cups and saucers and things they've never had a chance to use."

"Most of them are in barrels right now, sitting up in the attic. People who give big weddings are expected to live in big houses, and anybody who does that these days ought to have his income tax examined."

Sam started a polite laugh and then, finding himself alone, turned it into a cough.

"Do you know what I think?" said Mrs. Potter.

"Katy! Let me finish, please." He knew only too well what she thought.

"Then there's this business

and her mother. Why does Katy need a lot of new clothes? She already has three brand-new dresses she wore at our other daughters' weddings."

"What became of them? And what's become of those funny-looking hats with ostrich feathers and things on them? And why can't Peggy wear one of her sisters' bridal dresses? Sally's almost the same size."

PEGGY looked as if she were going to cry. Mrs. Potter shrugged her shoulders and sank back indifferently into a corner of the sofa.

"And then there's this business of a trousseau," Mr. Potter was thoroughly warmed up now and was beginning to use gestures. "Why does a bride have to have a

trousseau? A lot of fancy underclothes she'll never have a chance to wear."

"Please," moaned Peggy, "can't we skip that one?"

"Now, take Sam and Peggy," Mr. Potter was too absorbed to be aware of interruptions. "Here's Sam, one of the top geologists of a big mining company. He and Pegasus are going to spend their lives in the jungles or wherever geologists work. All she needs, as far as I can make out, is a few pairs of shorts and a supply of khaki shirts."

"What I'm trying to say is," he concluded, with the air of a lawyer about to summarise his case, "keep the whole thing small. Keep it simple. Just a few guests. Your three sisters for bridesmaids. Your three brothers-in-law for ushers. Then nobody's feelings can be hurt. All the men in dark blue suits and the girls in — well, you know — whatever is handy. A simple, sincere little wedding that really means something."

He looked about, his face beaming, as if he expected applause.

There was a silence. "Have you finished, dear?" asked Mrs. Potter with ominous calm.

Her husband nodded genially.

"Then I'm going to say something. Your father and I, Peggy, had a simple little wedding because my poor dad's business was almost under water in nineteen thirty-one, and so was Dad. We didn't even go on a honeymoon, because your father had a wonderful opportunity in his company that he simply had to accept."

"It was the only thing to do; but if I said I wasn't disappointed, I'd be worse than a liar. I had my heart set on a little fishing island off Nassau. Remember that little island, Jeff? But there we were — our hands tied. Now things are different, and if we could give the other three girls beautiful weddings, there's no reason Peggy shouldn't have one, too."

"You just let Peggy and me handle this. Weddings are for women, and this is going to be a honey."

Sam and Mr. Potter looked depressed — Sam because he felt like a lamb about to be sacrificed and Mr. Potter because he knew he had already been sacrificed.

Peggy said, "I didn't realise you never had a honeymoon, Mum. Where was the place you were planning to go?"

"A tiny island called Coker. As I remember, it wasn't too far from Nassau. Someone told us about it, and we liked it because it was so small. In those days, most of the inhabitants were native fishermen. For all I know, it's still the same."

"It isn't the kind of place most people choose, because there isn't a thing to do except lie on the beach. There was a small inn with a couple of cottages attached to it, and in the folder they sent us the beach looked perfect. From our point of view, it was a natural."

Mr. Potter grunted. "I think today I'd like some place a little livelier, a place that has a good golf course."

"That's because you're growing old, Jeff. You thought it was wonderful then."

"It sounds wonderful to me now," said Peggy.

"As I remember it, the little inn was called the Beachcomber. It stood in a coconut grove right on the edge of the sand. We engaged a two-room suite in one of the cottages. They looked like toy houses in the pictures, and that suited us just fine."

To page 55

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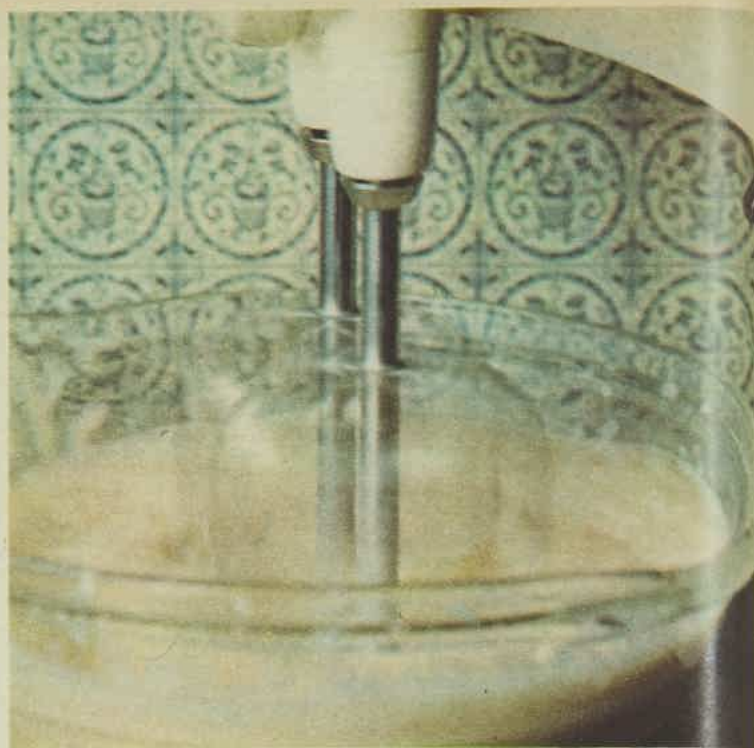
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Mr. Potter returned to the track. "Aren't we getting off track?" Of course I want to have a beautiful wedding. All I'm saying is, let's put on another race. We're living in a era. With taxes what are, and prices—"

"Pops," interrupted Peggy, a awfully embarrassing to hear all these details. Neither of us a big show. Do we, Mr. Potter?"

Mr. Potter said, "I agree with you, Peggy. This is not place to discuss details. I want you to have what sisters had. It's just not Besides, I like weddings, this is our last one—I think I'll go to bed," Mr. Potter.

Mr. Potter spent a restless night. He had tried to accomplish something that seemed him reasonable and but apparently he bungled the matter completely. He must talk to alone.

It was increasingly difficult, however, to find Katy during the days that followed. Two card tables had been set up in the living-room, and she and Peggy spent their evenings going to the old wedding-guest adding to them, as far Mr. Potter could observe, than cutting them.

No one paid any attention to him. He was the invisible. Occasionally, he made a suggestion over the of his newspaper. "I'd

Continued from page 53

## THE FOURTH BRIDE

cut out the Brookhaves. I saw Jim at the club the other day, and I think he has the creeping palsy. And I'll tell you another you could cut out—"

"Mum, do you know whom we have forgotten? The Don Blakes. We have to have the Don Blakes. And if we invite them, we ought to invite —" Peggy looked so happy and excited that he returned behind his paper and said no more.

When Mrs. Potter wasn't working on lists, she was telephoning. One day, Mr. Potter tried to call her several times from the office; but Miss Adelaide assured him there was no chance of his getting through.

The conversation at dinner that night only confirmed his fears.

"Well, Peggy and I have had a day," Mrs. Potter said. "We've found a new caterer. Janet Wyman says he's much better than the old one. Knoble and Knoble were really a couple of fuddy-duddies. These new people are tops."

"And we've arranged for the marquee. It will be just where it always has been, only this time we're going to have flowers in long boxes all around the inside edges. It should be adorable."

Or again: "Linda and Sally came over this morning, and we spent the whole day planning the bridesmaids' dresses."

They're going to be simply enchanting. White tulles—"

"Oh, Mum, don't bore Pops with all the details. He wouldn't know what you're talking about. I can only tell you they're dreamy, Pops—absolutely dreamy."

Packages began to arrive. "We thought we'd take over your study, dear, to show the presents. I've always thought the guest room was inconvenient—upstairs and everything. You don't mind, do you, darling? Just for the wedding, I had your desk and files moved down to the cellar, and I can't tell you how much better the room looks without them."

Peggy, quickly, always understanding: "We've fixed your desk lamp, Pops, and your old chair, just the way you like them just in case you have to use them down there."

One evening, the house smelled strongly of fresh paint. "We had to have the guest room done over," explained Mrs. Potter. "It was so shabby I was ashamed of it."

"Are the wedding guests going to sleep here, too?" asked Mr. Potter.

"Of course not, but they have to have some place to put their coats and things."

AS the days passed the pace became swifter. Trestle tables, covered with the Potters' best tablecloths, lined Mr. Potter's study, and slowly it began to fill with dishes, glassware, cups and saucers, and silver trays. Strange people wandered in and out of the house, as if it were a public museum. Occasionally, they spoke to Mr. Potter. More often they did not speak to him, supposing him to be just a guest or one of the temporary staff.

Katy found him late one afternoon, seated at his desk in the cellar, weeding out his files. "Darling, what in the world are you doing down here? There's a whole flock of young people upstairs with their tongues out for a cocktail."

He replaced the files and followed her upstairs with drooping shoulders. He was in midstream, where the current was strong. Nothing to do but turn over on his back and float down with it.

The kaleidoscopic days slipped by. One morning, Miss Adelaide's voice came over the intercom on Mr. Potter's desk. "Peggy wants to come to see you," she said.

"Now what do you think's the matter?" said Mr. Potter. Experience had taught him that when one of his children wanted to talk to him in his office, there was usually a crisis in the offing. Probably they'd had a quarrel and

called the whole thing off. Perhaps Sam was sick. He'd probably discovered he had some incurable disease. He certainly looked awful the other night.

"Can you see her?" asked Miss Adelaide. "She's waiting on the phone."

"Naturally. Of course," said Mr. Potter. "Tell her to come on down."

Half an hour later Peggy appeared, looking more radiant than ever.

Mr. Potter's expression was a mixture of admiration and anxiety. "Tell me the worst, Pegasus. Don't beat around the bush. Tell me the worst. I can take it."

Peggy laughed. She had her mother's gift of hearty, unrestrained laughter. "All right, Pops, I'll let you have it. Sam can't take it."

"I knew it," he said miserably. "I felt in my bones that something was going to happen. But don't be too unhappy about it, darling. I know how it hurts now, but there are other fish in the sea."

Again she laughed, standing beside him, an affectionate hand on his shoulder. "Pops, you're wonderful. I didn't mean he couldn't take me. He can't take this big wedding business. He's in a funk." She sat down in his visitor's chair and leaned toward him across the desk.

"Now look, Pops, Sam is a great scientist, but outside his work, he's shy as a bunny. You've been right about this wedding from the very start. The whole thing makes him feel sick, Pops. I mean really sick. Now, here's the point," she hurried on.

"Do you remember how you used to joke about having offered Cynthia, Linda, and Sally a thousand dollars to elope? I don't know whether you meant it or not, but you used to talk about it. If you did mean it and if, as Mum says, you want to do the same thing for me that you did for them, just offer me a thousand dollars right now, and see what happens."

He looked at her incredulously. "Are you serious, Pegasus?"

"Of course I am." He pulled out the lower drawer of his desk, reached in, and took out a cheque book.

She put up a restraining hand. "Wait a minute, Pops. There's a string to this. You have to promise not to mention this to Mum until we're gone."

He closed the cheque book. "I couldn't do that. I've never kept anything from her in my life. Why, she'd never forgive me. Never. No, I couldn't do that."

"But, Pops, if two people are going to elope, they don't announce it beforehand. Don't you see? I can't argue

To page 56

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## \*\*\*\*\* AS I READ \*\*\*\*\* THE STARS

by ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Feb. 10.

**ARIES**  
MAR. 21—APR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Dominant colors, orange, red.  
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

**TAURUS**  
APR. 21—MAY 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Dominant colors, blue, black.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

**GEMINI**  
MAY 21—JUNE 21  
★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Dominant colors, gold, jade.  
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

**CANCER**  
JUNE 22—JULY 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Dominant colors, violet, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.

**LEO**  
JULY 23—AUG. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Dominant colors, pink, navy.  
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

**VIRGO**  
AUG. 23—SEPT. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Dominant colors, green, lilac.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

**LIBRA**  
SEPT. 23—OCT. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Dominant colors, yellow, red.  
★ Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

**SCORPIO**  
OCT. 23—NOV. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Dominant colors, iridescence.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
NOV. 23—DEC. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Dominant colors, rose, silver.  
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

**CAPRICORN**  
DEC. 23—JAN. 19  
★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Dominant colors, red, brown.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

**AQUARIUS**  
JAN. 20—FEB. 19  
★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Dominant colors, blue, tan.  
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

**PISCES**  
FEB. 20—MAR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Dominant colors, black, mauve.  
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological horoscope as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.



with Mum night after night about a secret elopement."

"But I couldn't —"

"Please Dad. You're doing this for me, and I'm doing it for Sam. If you don't want to give me the cheque, forget it. We'll elope anyway. It's our wedding, not yours and Mum's."

He reopened the cheque book unhappily. "Nobody ever took me up on this before. I had no idea how complicated it could be."

"I'll fix it all up, Pops. Leave it to me." She leaned over and kissed him.

He patted her on the cheek. "Gee, this is going to be a mess," he groaned.

"But you promise, don't you?" "I suppose so," he said. "Yes, I promise."

"Leave it to me, and thanks a thousand." Then she was gone . . .

Continued from page 55

"My, those two kids are popular," said Mrs. Potter. "They have been out Tuesday and Wednesday, and now they are out again tonight. Everybody loves them. They're going to be very happy, and I'm happy for them."

Mr. Potter was reading. He shifted restlessly in his chair. If Katy was happy, that was fine; but he certainly wasn't. He hadn't slept for three nights, and each morning he left for the office with a mounting feeling of guilt. How long could this go on?

On Friday evening, Mr. Potter's restlessness transmitted itself to Katy. "I don't know why Peggy isn't home," she said. "Here it is almost seven o'clock. She didn't say

anything about being out tonight. In fact, she's hardly spoken at all all day. She's just rushed in and out of the house like a madwoman."

"Love," said Mr. Potter. "It makes people like that."

The Potters' maid, Daisy, came into the room and handed Mrs. Potter a letter.

"What's this, Daisy?"

"I don't know, ma'am. Man just come to th' door an' lef' it an' turn right round an' go away."

"Why, it's from Peggy. Why in the world would she be sending us notes? I hope nothing's the matter." She tore open the envelope, pulled out the folded letter, and began to read hastily.

Mr. Potter felt his fingers tighten on the arms of his chair.

After reading a few lines, she let the letter fall on the coffee table, put her hands over her face, and burst into tears. "Jeff, they've gone. They've eloped. Oh, how could they do this to me?"

He picked up the letter and began reading. Without taking his eyes from it, he reached down and picked up an oblong piece of paper that had fallen on the floor.

Mrs. Potter removed her hands from her face and looked at him angrily. "Why don't you say something? Why do you just sit there like a bump on a log?"

He held up his hand. "Wait a minute," he said. "Let me finish

this. Then I'll read it to you."

"What's there to read? They've eloped. That's all there is to it. Without even saying good-bye. Oh, it's cruel."

"You don't say goodbye when you elope," he murmured, but she didn't hear him, which was just as well. He finished the letter, then went over and sat beside her on the sofa.

"Let me read this to you," he said. "It's an extraordinary letter. Don't

Mum and Pops: By the time you read this, Sam and I will be married and off on our honeymoon."

"I read that," moaned Mrs. Potter. "That's the whole thing as far as I'm concerned."

"But it isn't the whole thing! It's a long shot. Let me go on. I know how disappointed you are going to be, Mum, and that is the one thing about our decision that makes me unhappy."

"She apparently knew you wouldn't be disappointed," said Mrs. Potter with a sniffle.

He ignored it. "Sam simply couldn't take the kind of wedding you love so, Mum, and I didn't want to start our married life by having him do something the very thought of which seemed to make him positively ill. You said the other evening that you wanted me to have what my sisters had. So I took you at your word and went to Pops' office and reminded him that he had offered each of my sisters a thousand dollars to elope."

MRS. POTTER, who had been drooping in the corner of the sofa, sat bolt upright.

"I told Pops he ought to offer me the same if he was going to treat us all alike. He didn't want to do it, Mum. Believe me, he didn't. He said you would be terribly upset. A warm glow of gratitude flowed through Mr. Potter."

"Terribly upset!" snorted Mrs. Potter. "Do you mean to say—"

"Let me finish, please," said Mrs. Potter, wishing the letter would never come to an end. "But he finally saw the justice of it and gave me a cheque. Then I made him promise he wouldn't tell you, because I knew you would have argued me out of it. He hated to make that promise, Mum. He truly did."

"He said he had never seen anything from you in all his life—"

a vision of himself selecting something appropriate from a jewelry

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## THE FOURTH BRIDE

showcase fitted through Mr. Potter's mind—"...but I finally made him swear. I had to, Mum. Please don't be cross with him."

"It's the most outrageous thing," began Mrs. Potter.

But Mr. Potter hurried on. "Now, here's the point. We didn't need that thousand dollars, Sam's the kind of man who looks ahead and he had his own money all caked away in the bank, ready for our honeymoon. He's the kind of person who likes to be independent."

"When you told us a few nights ago about your never having had a honeymoon, it gave us an idea. We're returning your cheque, Pops, properly endorsed, on the condition that you two use it for a honeymoon to take the place of the one you missed so many years ago. You are to use it for that and nothing else."

"We are going to be gone two weeks. I will write to you in a day or two and give you our address. Then you can write me and give us yours."

"Please, please, please forgive us, and don't be cross with us or with Pops. I know you want to make us happy, and it will make us happier than you can imagine if you will reverse things temporarily and accept our wedding present, on account of we love you both very, very, very deeply. Please."

The letter was signed "Mr. and Mrs. Samuel T. Delafield. At home, somewhere or other, in two weeks."

Mrs. Potter was crying, but in a different key.

Mr. Potter put his arm around her. "Katy, dear, I'm the one who needs forgiveness."

She ignored him and stood up. "I'm going to bed," she said numbly. "Let me have that letter." He watched her while she left the room and until her feet disappeared up the stairs. He heard her bedroom door shut; then he went to the pantry and mixed himself a double scotch. "To Mr. and Mrs. Delafield," he said, holding his glass high and oblivious of the fact that Daisy was watching him curiously from the kitchen.

Mr. Potter sat all alone at the breakfast table. He had slept in the freshly painted guest-room and hadn't dared look in on Katy before he went downstairs. As he had left the guest-room he had closed the door behind him with an intentional bang; but she hadn't called to him as he had hoped she might.

**P**ERHAPS she was asleep, but he feared the worst. What a thoughtless, impulsive fool he had been! She was heartbroken and frustrated, and it was all his fault. She'd never believe in him again.

Then he heard her footsteps on the stairs and quickly spread the morning paper beside his plate. This was going to be awful, but he deserved it. He felt as if he might be going to throw up.

She entered the dining-room. To his amazement her expression was that of one who had slept well and in harmony with the world. "Darling," she said, without waiting for him to speak, "the more I think of that sweet letter of Peggy's the more impressed I am. Did you ever hear of two young people doing such a thing? It was the most selfless, thoughtful act I've ever known."

He looked at her incredulously. After thirty-two years of married life women are still incomprehensible. "It certainly was," he agreed quickly. "There's no doubt about that. The problem is what to do with the cheque."

"What do you mean, problem? We'll use it just the way they want us to. After that letter you didn't think for a moment we could do anything else? And, darling, you've spilled coffee on our beautiful new table-nut!"

"Sorry," he said. "I'm a little nervous this morning, I guess."

All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"You look tired. Didn't you sleep well last night?"

"I was a little restless." That was the understatement of the year.

"I hope you're not worrying about some business thing," she said. "You always get so stewed up about that old plant. Can you get away from it for a couple of weeks?"

"When?"

"Right now. Quick. Everybody's going to be talking about Peggy and Sam eloping, and I just can't face it. Obviously I can't tell them about the cheque, and they'll think there's something wrong—that we were against the marriage or—oh I don't know. People talk so."

"What do you suppose they're

going to say when we go, kiting off so suddenly?"

"I don't know, and I couldn't care less, and when we come back they'll have found something new to gossip about. I could be ready day after tomorrow. How about you?"

"As a matter of fact, this is a good time for me to pull out for a little vacation."

"Vacation!" she said. "This is a honeymoon."

"Well, at the office, it will be a vacation, if it's all the same to you. I don't particularly want to give the staff the idea that we've just decided to make the whole thing

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FOR THE CHILDREN

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Continued from page 57

legitimate by getting married. Incidentally, Bill Lester and his wife left yesterday for that place in Jamaica—Round Hill. He said the Bingham and the Fosters are down there now.

"You know, the more I think of it, Round Hill wouldn't be a bad place. It has a beautiful golf course. I'll check right away and see if they're filled up. We could have a lot of fun."

She remained silent, her face clouded.

"What's the matter, Katy dear? I thought you'd love the idea. You've always wanted to go to Jamaica, and with our friends there, it would be a built-in house party."

"I'd hoped," she said, then stopped.

"Hoped what, dear?" "I'd sort of hoped you were going to suggest that we go to Coker Island and have the honeymoon we were cheated out of thirty-two years ago."

"Coker Island!" he said. "But that's a little bit of a place, with nothing but a beach and a few fishing shacks. And between you and me, I don't believe the accommodation is too hot. We chose it because it was cheap. There won't be a soul there we know."

She pushed her coffee cup aside. "Did it ever occur to you that that is exactly why I would like to go there. But perhaps you don't care. Perhaps you've outgrown all that. I guess I'm just a sentimental fool. Let's go to Round Hill, where we know everybody and there's a beautiful golf course."

He detected the first signs of tears. "Katy darling, I am stupid, and you're my won-

derful, lovely bride. Of course we'll go to Coker if the inn is still there. It won't take me long to find out."

She looked at him gratefully with moist eyes. "You're sweet," she said. "But I'm afraid you'd be bored."

He rose from his chair, went around the table, and kissed her.

"Please, Jeff. I'm all egg."

"I'll never be bored with you, Katy. You know that. I never have been and never will be."

Daisy stood in the doorway, coffee pot in hand. She rolled her eyes to the ceiling, shrugged her shoulders, and went back to the kitchen . . .

THE tiny plane had deposited them safely on Coker Island's bumpy airstrip. Mr. and Mrs. Potter sat beside each other in an ancient victoria on their way to the Beachcomber.

"I can hardly believe it," she said. "Our own little island. We finally made it."

"A bit late," he said, "but we made it."

"Only thirty-two years, darling. You're entitled to a little leeway, getting to out-of-the-way places. Look, there's the hotel, just the way it was in the pictures."

The proprietor of the Beachcomber, an elderly man with a military moustache, couldn't have been more delighted to see them. "The boy will take you to your cottage," he said. "Let him know if you want anything." There was a quizzical expression in his faded blue eyes.

They followed the boy down a shell path. He stopped before a small cottage

with two doors opening on to a sun porch. The boy unlocked the right-hand door, placed the bags inside, and departed silently.

"Just take in that beach, Jeff! I can hardly wait to get into my bathing suit. And I do believe this is the same cottage we were to have been in before. We'll pretend it is, anyway. Isn't it divine, Jeff?"

"Let's unpack first, and then go for a swim," he said.

Through the thin partition they were suddenly aware of voices in the next room.

A man was saying, "I wonder if they've received our postcard. Gee, they're going to get a bang out of that."

"Mum will. She's the sentimental in the family. Pops is an old sentimentalist, too, but he'd never admit it. He likes to huff and puff and pretend he's hard-boiled."

"Where do you think they'll go?"

"I don't know, but I'm so glad we're here, Sam. Just you and I, darling, all by ourselves. It's just as if we owned this little island."

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Mr. and Mrs. Potter were frozen, bent over their cases. Then Mr. Potter straightened up. Placing forefinger on his lips, shook his head violently. Quickly and silently, closed the suitcases. He moved them from the door and started for the door. "You bring the small one," he whispered.

She followed him. He closed the screen door and tiptoed down the steps of sun porch, and then quickly around the corner of the cottage. The victoria still there. The horse asleep, and the driver engaged in earnest conversation with someone at the door of the inn.

"But, Jeff, where are you going?" Mrs. Potter asked as her husband helped her into the carriage.

"Jamaica."

"You win, my pet. I usually do." As they went away, she looked back at the old inn and the blue sea sparkling between the dining trunks of the palm trees. Her eyes were misty. "At least I'm glad we saw it."

"Saw what?"

"Coker. Do you remember darling? This was the place we were going to spend our honeymoon."

(c) 1963 by Edward Stratemann

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## DOWN IN THE MOUTH YESTERDAY

### Riding high today

Based on a real life story

Brring! Brring! Peter flashes past on his new bike. "What energy!" says his mother. "Yesterday he was so tired and miserable. Wouldn't eat—not even his favourite ice cream. Glad I remembered Laxettes."

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When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes! 3/6.



# The Cling gives Stomp new Twist

● As a revolt against The Twist and The Stomp, "when you may as well dance alone," pretty Sydney dancer Barbara Young invented The Cling.

"THE Cling is different," 20-year-old Barbara said. "It means togetherness for teens again."

The idea for a new dance started a few months ago when Sydney musician Alan Dean wrote a song called "Do The Cling" and asked Barbara, who has danced in several stage and television shows, if she thought she could make up a dance to go with it.

"The tune has such a live mod beat — great for a teen dance — and it only took me about a week to complete all the steps," said Barbara. "The Cling is easy to pick up, especially if you can stomp, and when you do you'll love it!"

After Barbara had made up the dance, singer Warren Williams and Sydney song-writer Frances Condy wrote "The Cling's The Thing."

A few days later, popular young television newcomer Brian Withers, 16, recorded the world's first Cling disc, which will be released soon.

The dance is divided into the six sections pictured on this page: 1 is the "pre-cling," during which the girl stomps till she turns her back to the boy, who puts his arm around her waist for 2, The Cling step. 3 is the Check Cling. 4 the Clinging Lean. 5 the Square Formation, and 6 the Cling Rock.

And then you start all over again.

Cling music is a combination of The Twist and The Stomp, with a very fast beat.

## Teenagers WEEKLY



**1** Facing each other, boy and girl both stomp to the right and then to the left three times. On the fourth time the girl, still stomping, turns until she has her back to the boy. He then puts his arms around her waist for the next step.



**2** (Left) Stomp in this position to the right four times, lifting bent left leg twice off the ground. Repeat to the left. Boy turns girl round to face him and puts his arms around her waist. She puts her arms around his neck for the Check Cling.



**3** (Right) Heads are very close, cheeks together. Girl steps back on her right foot (right, left, right, stomp), then forward (left, right, left, points right toe out in front). Boy starts on his left foot, coming forward. Repeat this once again.



**4** Standing beside the boy, with left shoulders touching, girl starts on her right foot, boy on his left, and both go into step, stomp, step, stomp, step, step, stomp routine. Repeat, turning gradually on the spot. Girl then steps back — right, left, right, left, lifting left leg high off ground and leaning back while boy leans over her.



**5** Standing as above, step forward, then right, left — then step back and right, left. Now step, stomp, step, stomp, and repeat the whole routine. Next, step on the right leg and bend while lifting left leg high. Repeat three times on alternate sides.



**6** Side by side, rock to the beat, transferring weight from side to side. Do this three times slowly to the music, and then four times quickly. Now start from the beginning again.





# Letters

## A way to tackle the drink problem

AS a teenager, I would like to comment on the drinking problem (or so-called problem).

Take an example: A boy's parents read articles on it, get a sudden rush of parental worry and forbid the boy to drink. The boy (by now a six-foot teenager who has probably attained a higher standard of education than that reached by the parents) is faced with a situation in which he is forbidden to drink by parents who themselves drink quite freely.

If, however, the parents had pointed out the effects of alcohol on the body and the brain, and then taken

the son to see a typical drunk at closing time, then specified mild social drinking to be the limit, the teenager might take notice.

The parents should also have pointed out the dangers of alcoholism. — Don Cameron, Rockhampton, Qld.

## New styles

HAVING read from time to time letters about Mods, I would like to tell you about two newer groups. Now it's either Faces or Stylists.

The Faces are like Mods in that they follow the trend and buy all the latest gear. Stylists, however, set the trends. They wear way-out clothes with a difference — anything which stands out in a crowd is definitely in with Stylists.

In the beginning Mod gear had to be looked for in and out of small shops, but now most large stores have the same gear, and it is too common. So it is now in to be a Stylist. — "Styl-ist," Dunleath Gardens, SA.

## Individual squares

I DISAGREE with Judith Gray, who claimed that squares are conformists. A conformist is a person who does exactly what everyone else does — wears the same clothes, listens to the same music, likes the same things.

But this is exactly what a square doesn't do. In fact, the reason he is called a square is that he doesn't follow the popular trend.

Squares don't go round in gangs and aren't distinguishable, as are other groups, by

the clothes they wear. So let's not get the wrong idea about squares. They are the only teenagers who have retained their individuality. — "Proud Square," Horsesham, Vic.

## Flat life

EVERYBODY seems to have the wrong impression about flats. Whenever I say that I live in a flat people raise their eyebrows and add the usual comments about parties and late hours.

Actually, when you have your own flat it is different. I, with three other girls, have become a reasonably good cook, housekeeper, cleaner, mender, shopper, and money manager. Living with other people, I have become more responsible and more tolerant.

Since we are responsible to ourselves only, we use the common sense which we all have, and make sure that we do things wisely.

Besides, who wants to go wild when there is no one there to tell you off?

Two of us are 17 and the next one is 19. The eldest is 21. The two of us who are 17 have just finished school. — "Flatter," Tailem Bend, S.A.

## Physical education

PHYSICAL education is a compulsory part of school activities for four years, and I wonder if other readers think this should be so. I don't.

I am a person who does not enjoy doing hand-stands, catherine wheels, etc., and there are many others like me. I cannot even do a simple tumble straight.

This subject should be kept for pupils who can and want to do it, and the other pupils should be doing something they enjoy, such as music or home economics.

Physical education is a very dull and boring subject

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

## BEATNIK



"It's difficult to tell if they are winking at you these days."

## Friendship rings

● Should a girl return her friendship ring to the boy if the friendship breaks up? The answer seems to be "NO."

UNLESS the boy wants it back the girl should keep the ring. After all, it was a present and it might still mean something to the girl. And it's not very often that a boy likes to be called an "Indian-giver." — M. Humpel, Berkeley, N.S.W.

WELL, I feel that once a couple break up, the girl should keep the ring. The boy usually wants the girl to keep it in remembrance of him, and maybe some day look back on the terrific time she had with the boy who gave it to her. — Rodger Davis, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

EVEN if a friendship ring is given as a present I think that it should be given back if the couple break up and the boy should take it. The girl should have

many other memories of her boyfriend without keeping the ring, which in a way means she has an obligation towards him. The ring would also remind her of a broken friendship. — Tina Croft, Greenacre, N.S.W.

THE girl should keep the ring because it was given to her as a gift. The boy has no use for the friendship ring and it would be considered unethical for him to give it to his next steady. — L. Newman, Townsville, Qld.

IT is up to the girl to decide whether to return the ring or keep it. It was given to her to show friendship and, although they may break up, the couple may still remain great friends.

The ring is a gift and is

not something on loan, to be given back if a friendship ceases. — Pauline Anderson, Richmond, Vic.

I WAS given a friendship ring for my birthday and a few months later the boy and I broke up. I am now glad that he insisted on my keeping the ring, for each time I look at it I think of the wonderful times we shared.

Anyway, what would the boy do with the ring? He couldn't wear it and he couldn't give it to another girl, who I am sure would not appreciate a second-hand — or, should I say, a second-finger ring.

A boy gives a girl a ring as a present and it should no more be given back than flowers or a box of chocolates. — "Keep It," Roseville, N.S.W.

for those who do not like it, and the 80 minutes a week spent on it could be used in a much better and more enjoyable way. — "P.E. Hater," Newcastle, N.S.W.

## NEXT WEEK

● Color photographs taken at Sydney beaches show you some of the smart, gay sunbathers and glasses fashion-conscious teenagers are wearing this season.

● A full-page color pin-up of The Beatles dressed as Eskimos show in London.

## Letter from Wales

AS you can see by the address, I am a Welsh girl, and I have copies of T.W. sent over by my pen-friend. I see that it is well up on the British pop scene.

It is thought that this year (1965) the surfing craze will really hit Britain. Last year

the American surf man came, and as we have very good surfing spots in the south of England and on the Welsh coast, I hope to hear some Australian surf songs.

We do The Shake, and variations of it, such as The Dog, and these are similar to your Stamp.

Mod girls wear long straight hair and Mod shoes which are very different from flaties. They are more like the shoes our grandmothers wore, with low, set-back heels and round toes. And not every Mod rides a motor scooter.

The Twist is definitely out for both Mods and Rockers, and the only people who do it are either squares or mums and dads (who are not all that square!).

I know many Mods (including myself) who detest Bill Haley. I am no ardent Rocker, but I must say that they do not imitate The Beatles. They are individualists and therefore do not wear any kind of uniform on or off the stage. — Janet Bushell, Cardiff, U.K.



CRACKING a beauty, this group of surfers are just beginning the exciting ride in on one of Australia's east coast beaches.

By  
KERRY YATES

● If you see three or four cars loaded with boys and with surfboards piled on top, you can bet that they're ...

# Going on surfari

**S**URFARIS have become the most popular pastime for thousands of teenagers. In fact, as most Australian surfboard riders will tell you—surfaris are king!

"That means they're too much—really great," said Mick Dooley, one of Sydney's best-known riders. "Surfaris are treks up and down the coast by groups of surfers searching for good waves, and then riding them."

"Australia's climate is ideal," said Mick, who has surfed at most beaches on Australia's east coast as well as all the famous spots in Hawaii on a trip there last summer. "Most riders go on surfaris for the weekend, but some go for a week or two."

Surfaris are often organised at the last minute, but the word soon passes around a group of surfers and quite a few "extras" turn up with their boards when the crowd is ready to leave on a trip.

"Everyone just thinks and says SURF," said Mick. "The atmosphere is always very casual and no one bothers much about sleeping or eating arrangements, though the petrol expenses are shared."

Some surfers take tents

and other camping gear, but most just sleep in their cars or on the beach under the stars. They just eat canned foods or sometimes catch or spear fish to barbecue on an open fire.

"No one worries too much about anything—it's a great chance to forget all the rush and bustle of city life for a while," said Mick. "And when you get to know a few deserted beaches, where you never see anyone else at all—it's tremendous!"

## Too crowded

"Sydney beaches are so crowded in summer, the only way to find a place to surf is to go on a surfari," he said. "Most of the keen riders never go near their home beach in summer—they head north or south instead."

"I'm sure there are still some great surf spots yet to be discovered in Australia and the riders have already found lots of beautiful beaches, probably never surfed before," Mick said. "Quite a few surfanatics have secret spots they fancy, but they'll never give its position away."

"Some friends and I found a terrific surf about 60 miles up the North Coast that we call Point X, and it never

fails to turn on excellent shape, good-size waves."

"The directions there are so complicated I won't tell you," he said, laughing, "but I'll give one clue—you have to drive a mile or so through a cattle property to find it."

"Quite a few great surfing spots are on private land and some property owners charge surfers 4/- to use their beach," he said. "But some of those beaches are so good it's worth paying to surf."

"It's not the quantity but the quality of waves experienced surfers look out for, and sometimes they are hard to find," Mick said.

Often the word passes around groups of surfers that there's a good surf on somewhere, and sometimes it's just by instinct and experience that the expert riders know where to find the right waves.

## Weather maps

"I rarely make a trip to a certain beach just with the hope of a worth-while surf," Mick said. "I study all the weather maps and go by conditions of Sydney surfs."

For Sydney riders, surfaris to Mooney, Catherine Hill, Ocean Beach, Seal Rocks, and Crescent Heads on the North Coast, and down south to Green Island, Ulladulla, Mollymook, and The Light-house are the most popular.

"Just as Queensland and Victorian surfers make long surfaris to Sydney, our riders go interstate, but you need a week or so for the trip," said Mick. "I've been on a few weekend trips to the Gold Coast, but it's pretty hectic."

"In California, where surfaris are even more popular than in Australia, riders think nothing of driving 100-odd miles for a day's surfing," he said. "But then, of course, cars and petrol are cheaper and the roads are good."

On surfaris, surfers often start riding about 5 a.m. before the sun comes up and surf till about 7 a.m.,

## BEAUTY IN BRIEF

**I**T'S amazing how this simple technique minimises breaks—and if you do happen to split a nail, there's still plenty of shapable area to stop a really bad break.

Peeling and splitting nails are most often caused by incorrect filing. The layers of the nail become ruffled with a back-and-forth sawing motion.

Instead, try filing in one direction . . . toward the centre.

Failure to use a cuticle cream is usually the cause of ragged cuticles. Too frequent snipping at skin around the nail will encourage this condition.

Always remove dead skin with a cuticle remover and your orange-stick. When doing your nails, only snip ragged pieces of cuticle.

When a nail cracks across it's usually best to clip it off, retaining as much of the length as you can. If the crack is small, cut a piece of cellulose tape the shape of your nail, press on, trim, and cover with polish.

—CAROLYN EARLE

## Your nail problems

● A pet idea in the manicure department is to shape your fingernails straight across instead of tapering them into ovals.

... AND  
ALL FOR ONE!

ROUND  
ROBIN

● The other day I overheard (all right, I eavesdropped on!) a gaggle of girls discussing their boyfriends.

**I**N a nutshell, they were saying that while John had money he was a dull date; Charlie was a good dancer but a poor goodnight kisser; Peter was a polished dinner orderer but a scary driver. Etc., etc.

Something I had read a little earlier came to mind.

This was a story by American author Paul Gallico. In an article, Mr. Gallico had proposed that every wife needed about five husbands to keep her happy.

Under his system, Husband A would be a bloke only interested in his work and making a nice wage.

Husband B would be a fellow who knew how to wine and dine a lady well.

After leaving A's dinner on the stove, the wife would go dining with B.

Husband C, an expert dancer, would tag along to help her best enjoy the light fantastic.

Husband D would be a better-than-Valentino romancer. The fifth would be a versatile emergency man, there to fill in when one of the other four fell ill or went on holidays.

So, why not organise my girls' John, Charlie, Peter, and so on into a similar escort agency?

I am even willing to be the emergency man.

Except when John is off.

I just haven't got his money.

And, besides, who says I'm a dull date? (Correspondence on that subject is now closed.)

—Robin Adair

## THE CLASSICS

WALTON AND BLOCH: Works for cello and orchestra

**C**ONCERTOS and concerto-like works for cello and orchestra are few in number compared with those for violin. Composers do not lightly take on the difficult task of combining the deep-toned cello with an orchestra which mounts mainly of instruments that are much more assertive.

A new recording from R.C.A. presents the brilliant cellist Gregor Piatigorsky in two 20th-century works in which these problems are solved skillfully: Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo," written in 1916, and William Walton's Cello Concerto, written just 40 years later and dedicated to Piatigorsky.

Bloch was a Jewish composer (born in Switzerland) and Hebrew music and history have a strong influence in many of his works, making him, in effect, the first Jewish musical "nationalist." In "Schelomo" he gives a musical portrait of King Solomon—Solomon as the Great King, the philosopher, and the passionate poet of the Song of Songs.

Walton, the distinguished English composer who visited Australia last year, shows the two sides of his musical style in the three movements of the cello concerto: his gift for expressive lyricism in the first and third movements; his whip-cracking wit and orchestral virtuosity in the quick middle movement.

In this recording Piatigorsky's mastery is worthily matched by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Charles Munch.

—MARTIN LONG



Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

### Boy-grabbing girlfriend

"I HAVE a girlfriend who is fairly popular and when I have a boyfriend and she gets to know about him from me, she goes and 'takes' him. I get jealous, but try not to show it and laugh and say I didn't like him much anyway. She always says: 'Why don't you like him any more? Is it because I've got him?' It is making me quite furious, so please tell me what to do."

"Worried," Vic.

Your girlfriend is obviously one of those girls to whom romance is a competition—who tries to boost her own confidence by seeing how many scalps she can add to her belt.

Get yourself another girlfriend.

### Unreasonable Parents

"I AM nearly 21 years of age and very much in love with a Scottish boy who is on a working holiday in Australia. He has to return to Scotland early next month and has proposed to me. I accepted, unaware of the fact that my parents do not want me to marry a foreigner. Now they say they won't permit this marriage until I turn 21 (which is in May). Since my fiancé has to return so quickly I have the choice of obeying my parents or eloping and marrying him in Scotland (which I don't wish to do). How can I convince my parents that this is true love?"

"Problem," N.S.W.

Explain to your parents that

you intend to marry your fiancé and put before them quite clearly the courses which are open to you.

Say that you would much prefer to be married in Australia, with their blessing, but, if not, that you will follow your fiancé to Scotland when you come of age.

If they still refuse and if you still wish to marry your fiancé, then you have no choice but to wait until you turn 21 and go to Scotland to be married.

### Is it a brush-off?

"MY boyfriend and I love each other very much. We have been going together only a short while and he said I should meet and go out with lots of other boys. When we go back to school we won't see each other much, so is he giving me the brush-off or does he just want me to enjoy my life when we aren't together?"

"Afraid," Vic.

Your boyfriend is being sensible. As you are both still at school, it is far too early for "being in love" and for steady relationships.

Do as your boyfriend suggests. Only time will tell whether you really do love each other—and in the meantime there is a lot of excitement and fun in getting to know all sorts of new people—both girls and boys.

### Dormant jealousy

"MY trouble is a boy. He is three months my junior, but acts three months my senior. I have known him for five years and we have always been the best of pals. He has always been truthful to me and we talk to each other freely and he tells me things he wouldn't tell anybody else. All the time we have known each other we have never quarrelled, but the other day he mentioned that he was going to a town social and asked if I was coming. He said that he was sorry he didn't ask me to go with him, but that another girl had asked him to take her to the social three months ago (she's mad). He has never taken me out, but says he doesn't like this other girl that much. She treats him so badly I sometimes want to cry over him. I don't know whether to give him up as my friend or wait patiently for him. I love him and the things he does suggest that he also loves me a bit."

"Crier," S.A.

I wonder if you realise that you are jealous of this boy who has been your "pal" for five years?

It is sometimes very painful when a friendship on both sides turns into something more for only one person.

The only thing you can do is "wait patiently."

Go out with other boys yourself and have other friendships.

Perhaps one day your "pal" may feel more for you than friendship—but, sad as it may seem, there is absolutely nothing you can do to force the issue.

### Her first party

"I am a 15-year-old girl, going on 16. My mother is going to give me a mixed party soon and it will be my first teenage one. I want to have it very much, but I am a little worried about inviting boys. I like boys, but the ones I want to invite are ones I have only been introduced to. Is it all right to invite them? Mum says it is the only way to get to know them."

"Boy Trouble," Tas.

Of course it is all right to invite boys you have only been introduced to.

Your mother is right—a party at home is the best way to get to know young people—both girls and boys.

Go ahead with your party and don't be afraid.

I'm sure it will be a great success.



## DAVIS GELATINE & CANNED PEACHES

Superb sweets are simple when you start with canned peaches and Davis Gelatine. See for yourself! Try this luscious new recipe soon.

**PEACH SPARKLE** Dissolve 1 envelope or 3 rounded teaspoons Davis Gelatine in 1 cup hot water. Add 3 tablespoons sugar and dissolve. Drain syrup from a 29-oz. can of peach slices, add to gelatine. Then add 2 tablespoons claret (or port wine or lemon juice). Pour jelly into parfait glasses or serving dish, reserving a little for decorating. Leave until cool and almost set. Add peach slices, chill till set. Top with a little of the remaining jelly, "forked" to a sparkle.





# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

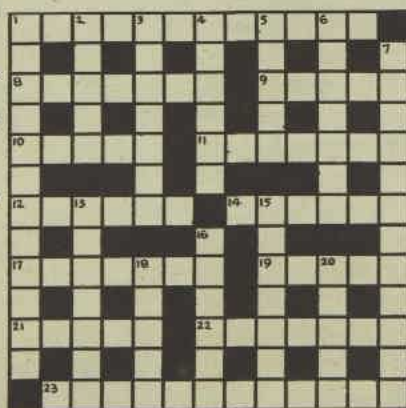
The thief has escaped with the Da Vinci drawing. Next morning guards discover the theft and find the tunnel in the garden through which he entered the museum. NOW READ ON . . .



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. Joyful hut for celebration in the U.S.A. (6, 2, 4).
2. Molluscs are deep feelings, if of the heart (7).
3. A staple to erect (3, 2).
4. Hunt or chase to produce a lamp (5).
5. Hot rice (anagr., 7).
6. Live coals (6).
7. Large Australian bird (6).
8. Having no lauds, disburdens (7).
9. Grecian order of architecture (5).
10. Leg in fire on the hearth (5).
11. Impresses by stamping (7).
12. Tame liars sit for those who hold the doctrine that denies the independent existence of spirit (12).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

1. Leaders of orchestras always, criminals sometimes (4, 3, 5).
2. Open sore containing more than a clue (5).
3. Pelt her (anagr., 7).
4. Attacks on cliques (6).
5. Christ was descended from this man (5).
6. Let liar be according to the verbal meaning (7).
7. Written statements of facts submitted by litigants to court (7, 5).
8. City in Italy north of Florence (7).
9. Naturally inherent (7).
10. Birthplace of a famous saint in Italy (6).
11. The white poplar (5).
12. Flowers for which 30 years of war were waged (5).



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